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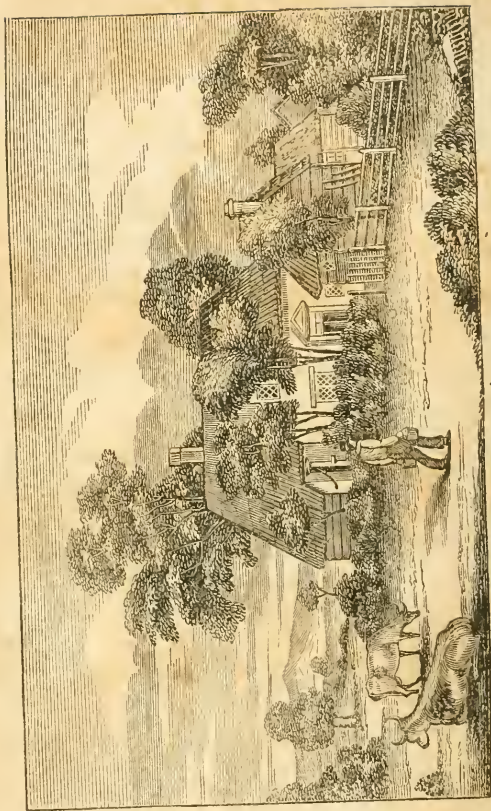
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THE DAIRYMAN'S HOUSE.

THE
DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER:

An Authentic Narrative.

BY REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

CONTAINING

INTERESTING NOTICES OF THE DAIRYMAN, AND
A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BY

REV. THOS. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

RICHMOND:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN EARLY,

FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

1851.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by JOHN EARLY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Virginia.

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INTRODUCTION.

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THERE are few works in the English language that have gained so wide a popularity, and effected so much good, as *The Dairyman's Daughter*. This is attributable to the fine evangelical character of its subject, and the charming simplicity of its style. It has been read with equal interest by the philosopher and the peasant; and it has been the means, under God, of the conversion of thousands of souls. Its circulation has been incredible. Multiplied millions of copies have been scattered over Great Britain and the United States; it has been translated into nearly every language of Europe, and also into some of the Asiatic tongues to aid the missionaries in the evangelization of the heathen. Its sphere of usefulness was greatly enlarged by the Religious Tract Society of London, to whom the work was generously presented by the author.

Mr. Richmond enjoyed the rare satisfaction of knowing that his unpretending little work was instrumental in the conversion of many souls. Some years before his death, which occurred in 1827, he

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had heard of three hundred and fifty cases: and since that time the number has been constantly increasing. Just two days before he died, he was told of a clergyman who was very bitter against the Tract Society, and who procured the "Dairyman's Daughter" for the purpose of showing up its defects. The story, however, so charmed him, that he forgot his undertaking, was spell-bound by the narrative, yielded to its insinuating and powerful influence, and became a subject of converting grace.

Many persons, not aware that truth is not only stranger, but also more potent than fiction, have supposed that Mr. Richmond drew upon his imagination for his facts—"the dairyman's daughter" being an unreal personage, around whom the author contrived to throw an unearthly charm, the success of his undertaking forbidding any hint of the fictitious character of the narrative. It is, therefore, gratifying to be able to authenticate the work, and to produce such collateral testimony as will satisfy the most incredulous, that the *dairyman's daughter* was no child of the imagination—was not the heroine of a religious romance, but a real personage; and that the circumstances which give so much interest to her memoir, really transpired as narrated by her biographer.

The name of "the dairyman's daughter" was Elizabeth Wallbridge. Her father was born in Dorsetshire, England. This county is situated on the British Channel, and on its eastern side overlooks the Isle of Wight. It abounds in fine arable and

pasture lands, and has been accordingly designated "the garden of England." It is customary for the substantial farmers, in that part of Great Britain, to rent their cattle to men in moderate circumstances, who make their living by the proceeds of their dairies. A knowledge of this fact will show why it is that a man may milk a goodly number of cows, and yet be a poor man, scarcely able to support his family. The writer has known many such in that very county where the "dairyman" was born, it being his own native shire. Sometimes, however, a dairyman, by great industry and economy, succeeds in so improving his means as to place himself in less dependent circumstances: this appears to have been the case with the father of Elizabeth Wallbridge.

The Rev. Daniel Tyerman, of Newport, Isle of Wight, was well acquainted with the *dairyman*, being for some time his pastor. From this excellent minister, we learn that the *dairyman's* name was Joseph Wallbridge. It appears, that after living twenty years in his native shire, he removed to the Isle of Wight. He married at twenty-seven, and by his industry as a day-laborer, and the proceeds of a little shop kept by his wife, he made a comfortable living for a man in his condition. He lived for many years in a cottage, about a mile from a village called Arreton. To this cottage were attached six acres of ground, which, with proper culture, furnished him with grain and pasturage.

Mr. Tyerman says that he was distinguished for strict uprightneſs in his dealings. He was a man

of great veracity, simplicity, and integrity, and one who brought up his children to a love of those virtues which he cherished himself. But notwithstanding this, he lived for the greater part of his life a stranger to vital godliness. He went to church, indeed, on Sundays; but on his way thither he talked with his neighbours on their worldly affairs—the price of corn, butter, cheese, and eggs; made observations on the weather; and told who was sick, and who was dead, till the bells chimed, and they hastened to their pews. But “God was not in all their thoughts.”

In this state the dairyman lived for the space of seventy years; when his eldest son was awakened to a sense of the value of his soul and the importance of real religion: he also became exceedingly anxious respecting his parents, whom he warned to “flee from the wrath to come.” One day, as they were going to church, the son began to converse with his aged parent, and spoke of the importance of a change of heart: “Hold your tongue,” said the old man, “we are good enough: we go to church on Sundays, we pay every one his own, we do nobody any harm: what more can be required?” So great was his confidence of his own safety at this time.

It was not long before the dairyman’s eldest daughter, who was then living from home, was brought to a saving knowledge of Christ; and, like her brother, she also began to feel concerned about the spiritual state of her parents. She frequently wrote to them on the subject of religion, and by her correspondence, and her conversation with them

after her return to their house, she became the honoured instrument of the conversion of both.

A few months after Elizabeth's death, the dairyman was called to follow his wife to the grave. They had travelled together forty-six years in this vale of tears, sharing each other's joys and anxieties; and had accompanied the remains of their two daughters to "the house appointed for all living."

After the death of his wife, the good old man continued to attend to his little dairy, as before. His wife was not; Elizabeth was not; Hannah was not; and Robert and William had left their father's house. Yet he was not alone, for God was with him. This period of solitude was closed by his youngest son's returning to live with him.

He continued with his son at his cottage until within two years of his death, when he removed to Newport, to close his pilgrimage at the house of his eldest son. Here he attended the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Tyerman; but he was not long privileged with the public means of grace. In less than a year after his removal, while walking over some rough stones, he fell, and received so violent a bruise on his hip, that for the remainder of his life, which was about fourteen months, he was confined to his bed.

"The manner in which he bore his long affliction," says Mr. Tyerman, "was truly exemplary. He discovered entire resignation: in patience he possessed his soul. He was never heard to utter a word of discontent, or express the least want of submission to

his situation. Frequently asking him whether he was still resigned to the Lord's will, he generally answered me—'Yes, sir, but I wish to be gone.'

"At length the powers of nature began to indicate the very near approach of death. He complained often of fever: his sight failed: his hearing became dull: his articulation was so indistinct that, the last time I saw him, though there was something he wished to say—and he made several attempts—it was in vain. Yet he seemed to remain in the same happy frame of mind. A few days after, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

"His earthly remains were deposited in the burying-ground at Arreton, with those of his wife and two daughters. On the Sabbath after, I improved his death in a funeral sermon to a crowded audience, at his request, from Psalm lxi. 16, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.'"

This authentic sketch of the old *dairyman* is of interest on account of his *daughter*. Perhaps no one ever read Mr. Richmond's tract without wishing to know more about the subject of that charming biography. No apology therefore is needed for the insertion in this place of "a further account of the Dairyman's Daughter," written at Newport, Isle of Wight, July, 1837, and published in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, for February, 1838. It is from the pen of the Rev. Benjamin Carvosso, a son of Mr. W. Carvosso, a well-known class-leader among the

Methodists in England. The writer introduces his "further account," by stating that the particulars it embodies were collected for the purpose of incidental notice in a brief memoir of Mr. Robert Wallbridge, a brother of "the dairyman's daughter," but as they covered too much space, and were withal too interesting to occupy such a position, it was thought proper to present them in the form of a separate narrative. An unquestionably correct conclusion.

Any thing new in reference to "the dairyman's daughter," says Mr. Carvosso, must needs be a matter of interest to the religious public; seeing that intelligent Christians from all parts of the world, on her account, come to the Isle of Wight, and repair to Arreton and elsewhere, with all that intensity of feeling which is awakened in others by the sight of objects connected with classical antiquity. But what is here written, will be found to be more especially interesting to those who cherish the most devout and grateful rejoicings on account of the good which it has pleased God to accomplish in the earth by the form of Christianity which is called Methodism, but who may not have heard how much "the dairyman's daughter" was indebted to it for all that seasoning power which had made her a blessing to so many, and that in so many nations.

Elizabeth Wallbridge was a native of the Isle of Wight. Her parents, who were always commendable for their morality, were indebted to their daughter for the knowledge of the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. Her father survived her many years.

He came to reside at Newport, where he became a member of the church of which that distinguished minister, the Rev. Mr. Tyerman, was pastor. An account of him was published by Mr. Tyerman, in a well-written tract, a little before he sailed on his mission to the South Sea Islands.

Elizabeth was born at Hale Common, in the parish of Arreton, in the same cottage whence her happy spirit took its flight to paradise. She had five brothers and sisters. Robert was the eldest, and survived them all. He died at Newport, Feb. 25th, 1837, much respected for his Christian character, and having been more than forty years a local preacher in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists.

Leaving her parents at an early age, Elizabeth lived many years as a servant in respectable families; and, having good wages, she was enabled to lay by a little money against the time of need. But, notwithstanding this important testimony in favour of her prudence and economy, yet according to the concurring statements of all who knew her, she was plainly far from righteousness. Being naturally cheerful and talkative, given to levity, and rather witty, she directed her ridicule and sarcasm with considerable force against those who manifested any serious concern for the salvation of their souls. The pride of her heart was likewise manifested in her great fondness for dress.

At the time when it pleased God truly to awaken her to a sense of the vast importance of eternal things and the necessity of caring for her deathless soul,

she was living at Southampton, as a servant in the R—— family. The Methodists had at that time no chapel in that town, but worshipped in a room which they had hired for that purpose in Hanover buildings, and which was supplied once a fortnight by the travelling preachers from the Portsmouth circuit. In the year 1795 the Rev. Messrs. Algar, Deverell, Crabb, Jones, and Brookhouse, were stationed in the circuit, which then included what were called “two missions,” one of which comprised part of Sussex and Surrey, while the other embraced the back and east parts of the Isle of Wight. In this latter section of the circuit it was that Mr. Crabb principally laboured, changing occasionally with the Southampton preachers. Mr. Crabb was deeply devoted to his Master’s cause, and was very useful, and at the same time very popular; so that when it was known that the missionary from the Isle of Wight was coming to Southampton, the little Methodistic circle at that place was all pleasurable expectation.

Elizabeth had three fellow-servants: namely, Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Cox, and Elizabeth Groves. Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Cox were attendants at the Methodist place of worship. The latter had once professed to know something of religion by personal experience, but was not now a member of the society. She was subsequently restored to the enjoyment of the blessings she had lost, and again united herself to the people of God, through the affectionate expositions of Elizabeth Wallbridge, and lived forty years a member of the Methodist society, adorning

her Christian profession by an exemplary life, and at last dying in the triumph of faith and hope. Robert Taylor, at the time of which I write, was a truly pious member of the society, and zealous for the salvation of his fellow-servants. Elizabeth Groves and Elizabeth Wallbridge both went to the Established Church, and had never yet heard a Methodist preacher. By the latter Methodism was viewed with much contempt, and even angry dislike, especially after her brother had connected himself with a sect everywhere spoken against, and had even ventured to address an admonitory letter to his sister, affectionately exhorting her to seek the salvation of her soul.

Mr. Crabb being about to preach at the room one week-day evening, Robert Taylor, happening in the course of the day to enter a room where Elizabeth Wallbridge and Elizabeth Groves were at work together, he said to them, "Maids, will you go this evening and hear preaching at the Methodist chapel?"—so they called the little room. "Mr. Crabb, the missionary from the Isle of Wight, is to preach. He is very much liked as a preacher; and I think if you were to go and hear for yourselves, you would be pleased with him." Elizabeth Wallbridge, with her characteristic levity and vivacity, gave Robert such a reply as left him no ground on which to rest any anticipation of a favourable result. But there was an overruling Power at work; curiosity was at work; and as Elizabeth and her companion talked over the strange proposal that had been made to them, (so they considered it,) they became influenced by a

strong desire to agree to it, and to hear Mr. Crabb; and eventually they were found that evening among his hearers. This step was not in itself decisive, but still it was a most important one; it was the step which, in their case, led to salvation. Prejudice was overcome; a degree of respect was gained both for the preacher and the service; and they both resolved to attend again.* Mr. Crabb soon returned to Southampton for the services of an entire Sabbath, and Elizabeth heard him in the morning. Still a captive to the vanity of the carnal mind, she was led to put on her gayest attire, that her foolish heart might be gratified by her utmost display among the poor humble Methodists. The text was taken from the fourth chapter of the prophet Zechariah: "Who art thou, O great mountain?" &c. It was a memorable time, and the mountains soon flowed down at the presence of the Lord. While the preacher, with the authority of an ambassador of Christ, bore hard on the sins of vanity, self, and pride, the light of truth enabled Elizabeth Wallbridge to see that she was the very reverse of being clothed with humility. Wounded by the sword of the Spirit, she returned home in silence, indignant at herself. There was now no foolish talking and jesting about things sacred; her mouth was stopped; she felt herself guilty before

* Elizabeth Groves, now Mrs. Y——, is a native of the Isle of Wight, and still lives there. She has, through grace, still held on in that good way on which she entered at the same time with Elizabeth Wallbridge; and it is from her that some valuable portions of the present narrative have been received.

God, and trembled in his presence. Ignorant of the great change that was taking place in her mind, her fellow servants were astonished that the giddy, trifling, and talkative "Betty Wallbridge" had become serious, and "slow to speak." But their astonishment was greater when they saw her sit down in a chair, and actually tear off those parts of her dress which she deemed most expressive of the foolish ambition of her vain and wicked heart. Refraining from her ordinary food, she retired to her own room to complete the demolition of her idols, and to converse with God in her own heart; and in the evening, divested of her foolish and outward adorning, but full of eagerness for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, she once more appeared among the hearers of this heart-searching preacher. This contempt and dread of every thing in dress unsanctioned by Christian propriety she retained to the end of her life without change. From this memorable Sabbath, indeed, Elizabeth was "a new creature." The full stream of nature's tide was turned, and from henceforth her desires, her words, her actions, all tended toward God and heavenly objects. All parties concur in testifying that from the day of her conversion she was entirely and steadily devoted to God. She seemed to be actuated literally and permanently by the impression of that great truth, that "the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal." So absorbed was she in the pursuit of invisible realities, that her spiritual exercises seemed sometimes as though they

would trench on the regular duties of ordinary life. If this was indeed her failing,—if she was in this respect “righteous overmuch,” it is the only thing which I have ever heard laid to the charge of “the dairyman’s daughter.”

I have taken some pains to ascertain the struggles of her mind prior to her obtaining that “glorious liberty” which she seemed ever to experience after her union with the Methodists; but I can learn nothing of the matter. Mrs. Y——, who lived in the house with her at the time of the gracious change in her character, informed me that she could have suffered but little from her convictions of sin before she found peace with God, as she had no recollection of any thing but gratitude and praise proceeding from her lips from that decisive day on which the truth of God had reached her heart. It is, therefore, probable that, being deeply convinced of her guilt and danger, but having, at the same time, clear views of Christ as the almighty and present Saviour of all who believe in him, she at once rested her soul on his infinite merits, and found peace and joy in believing. Henceforth she breathed prayer and praise. Jesus now engrossed her supreme affections, and she felt “the heaven of loving him alone.” While her hands were engaged about her work, and others were about her, her full heart would often constrain her to praise God aloud. She appears to have been of the happy few (why should they be few?) who could “rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.”

One of the first of her spiritual letters was addressed to her brother Robert. It was written at Southampton in an early part of her Christian life; and was given by her brother, some years ago, to a gentleman in Cowes, who has expressed the value he sets upon it by putting it into a handsome frame between two plates of glass, and suspending it among the ornaments of his own parlour. The handwriting and orthography are just such as might have been expected from an uneducated servant girl: but it contains the genuine effusions of a heart overflowing with love to God and man. Even did it partake less of excellence than it does, yet, as it is an original letter from one so celebrated as "the dairyman's daughter," and was written three or four years prior to the date of those which have already been published, there is sufficient reason for giving it a place in this account; but I think the reader will see that throughout the whole an elevated and admirable spirit continually breathes. I give it entire, with the exception of a piece of doggerel poetry, which she had picked up somewhere, and the mere alteration of slight and common grammatical errors. Seeing that she had just begun to read the Bible attentively, and with a warm heart, her inaccurate quotations from Scripture are quite natural, and only what was to be expected. I subjoin it as nearly as possible *verbatim*, as I think it will in that state be more interesting; and will, at the same time, fully relieve Mr. Richmond from the charge of having himself written the other letters which are written in her name.

*Southampton, March 3, 1797.**

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received your kind letter the 2d instant, and you may think what a transport of joy I felt to receive such an affectionate letter from a brother I had so little regarded since he had left the world and me. You may well say what great joy it gave you to hear I was converted to God. But are you the only one? No, my dear brother. Think what shouting and rejoicing there was with the angels of God in heaven, that are around the throne, and continually cry, ‘Worthy the Lamb of God that was slain, to receive all glory, and honour, and praise.’ And blessed be God, who hath showed strength with his hand, and with his holy arm hath gotten himself the victory! Yes, and he hath scattered all the proud imaginations of my heart, the great enemies of my soul’s salvation. O how true are those words of my Redeemer, that ‘whosoever is in me is a new creature;’—‘for, behold, old things are passed away, and all things are become new!’ O how often would the Lamb have gathered me unto himself, as a hen doth gather her chickens, and I would not! And how often hath he stretched out his arm, and I have not regarded it! But how shall I ever praise my God enough, to think how long he hath spared a wretch like me, who drank in iniquities like water, and followed after the vanity of my own deceitful heart, which was wicked above all things!

* By the comparison of various dates, written and unwritten, I find it should be 1796, and not 1797.

“It was when I was sitting under that delightful man, Mr. Crabb, that the Lord opened my eyes. It was the second time that I heard him. And on Sunday last, in the morning, I was standing at the window, and he came past, and when I saw him my heart leaped within me for joy; for I believe him to be commissioned from the most high God to preach the gospel of salvation and peace to all that will hear it. My dear brother, I know it is not good to be partial to any of God’s creatures; but I liken him to St. Paul, for he seems to labour more than they all; yet not he, but the grace of God which is in him, and that is extended to all that hear him speak. It seems as if I could say with David, when he is there, ‘O that I could dwell in the house of my God for ever!’ I shall ever have the highest esteem for him as a minister of God and Christ.

“And now, my dear brother, as I have no money with me, I beg you will apply to my dear mother for six guineas of my money, and give them to Mr. Crabb, and tell him it is a free gift of a poor needy creature, who has been to the Lamb of God naked and destitute of every thing; and then when he saw my wretched condition, with what tender compassion did he look down upon me, and sprinkle me with his blood, and give me the whole armour of God, the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of righteousness! And now his sweet voice still whispers in my heart, ‘I counsel thee, my child, to buy of me gold tried in the fire.’ What then would be the dominion of the whole

world to me, and what indeed to the love of God that he hath been pleased to shed abroad in my heart? My dear brother, praise God for it. Buy Mr. Crabb a very large Bible, that when he looks upon it he may bless his God, and think what good he hath done for my poor soul through the gracious influence of the Spirit of God; and the rest he may dispose of to the glory of God and the good of poor souls. And what is between you and me think no more of; and pray, my dear brother, send your children to school, and I will pay for them as long as I am able. And do see that our dear brother is not in want of any thing that I can do for him.* I hope that God will be merciful to all my dear friends who are yet in darkness. May they be filled with the Spirit of God, and may they feel the pardoning love of God shed abroad in their hearts! Do, my dear brother, if possible, assemble them together, and prevail on that good man, Mr. Crabb, to be with them, if possible, (I know he is a dear lover of souls,) that he may assist them in turning to God. I fear what you can say to them will be of no great use; for, remember the words of our Saviour, that 'a prophet hath no honour in his own country.' My dear brother, how can you rest seeing any so nearly related to you so far from God? O when will God cease to be merciful! It is said when the tide ceases to ebb and flow, then may God cease to be merciful. See them,—

* He was then afflicted, and in needy circumstances.

'Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas they stand!
O God, their inmost soul convert!

Be sure you do as I have desired, in the name of the Lord, and for the glory of his holy name; and my love to all that are in him, and that are wanting to turn to him. Pray excuse this, and write as soon as you conveniently can. Adieu, dear brother,

ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE."

I should rejoice to have added here an extract from a letter which she wrote to her brother not long after this, and in which she gave an interesting account of the manner of her receiving the blessing of entire sanctification; but Mr. Wallbridge informed me that it was lost or destroyed before the preservation of her letters was deemed a matter of any special moment.

Within the year after her joining the Methodist society, she was obliged, by ill health, to leave her situation at Southampton, and return to her parents at Arreton. Getting a little better, she went to reside in a pious family belonging to the Wesleyan society at West Cowes. After this she took up her abode in other pious families in the island; but not quite recovering her health, and having something laid by from her former year's earnings, she did not, after leaving Southampton, hire herself any more as a servant for stipulated wages. Choosing now to wear the humblest apparel, and desiring nothing but the plainest food, and, at the same time, walking

as she did as on the verge of eternity, she felt that she wanted but little here below, and saw that she should not want that little long.

As an instance of her mortified spirit and self-annihilation, a friend of hers (who has just now gone to join her above) informed me that she dined with him, he believed, the last time she was at Newport; and when they sat down to partake of the humble meal provided for them, she abstained from the use of any thing but potatoes: declaring that so deeply was she penetrated with a sense of her own unworthiness in the sight of God, that she felt that only the meanest fare was fit for the use of such a sinner as she was; exemplifying the feeling of the patriarch when he exclaimed, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies."

In the above letter we have a striking development of her benevolent and generous spirit as to others, however self-denying she might be in regard to her own personal comforts. There was in the Newport society a pious and a very afflicted man of the name of William Adey, well known and much esteemed: but at this time he and his wife were poor and much distressed. The charitable dairyman's daughter, now residing at Cowes, heard of his case, and forwarded for him a small parcel to a mutual friend residing at Newport, who took it at once to his needy brother, and carelessly throwing it on the table, said, with apparent unconcern, "I wish you may find a guinea in it." On opening its careful foldings, to their agreeable and grateful surprise, it

did contain "a guinea for William Adey, presented to him by Elizabeth Wallbridge." William told me this himself, with much emotion, on his dying-bed, on my incidentally asking him if he knew any thing of her. He added, "O she was a good creature! and at another time, when she knew I was in want, she kindly sent me half a guinea."

She lived in the spirit of obedience to that useful direction of Methodism, "Exhort, instruct, reprove all you have any intercourse with." None were spared; not even old professors, when she saw any hope of being useful. And a word of exhortation or reproof was sometimes followed by an act of kindness in reference to temporal circumstances, in order to enforce attention to matters of higher moment. A little before her death, happening to be at a house in Newport, a neighbour stepped in, a poor woman, and destitute of religion. Elizabeth seized the opportunity of conversing with her very closely about her soul, and the affairs of another world; and, that she might fasten the words of holy counsel on the heart of the poor woman, she immediately afterward sent her one of her own gowns, of some value.

Such was "the dairyman's daughter," when she so providentially fell into the hands of the Rev. Legh Richmond. Till that period it does not appear that she had intercourse with any other Christian friends but the Methodists. By them her dying-bed was surrounded, and they followed her remains to the grave. The "remarkably decent-looking woman," of whom Mr. Richmond speaks in his beautiful

description of Elizabeth's funeral, was the late Mrs. Prangnell, of Merston, the leader of the class there, and truly a mother in our Israel: in whose class Elizabeth occasionally met, and of whom an interesting memoir was published by the Rev. A. B. Secker-son, when he travelled in the island. The singing in the open air, with which Mr. Richmond was so surprised, delighted, and edified, and of which he has given an account at once impressive and attractive, was led by one who has been an important, and is now a venerable, member of the Wesleyan society at Newport.

As this account has been written partly to correct a mistake into which Mr. Richmond has fallen, it is necessary to take some notice of it before I close. He not only gives no hint of the fact that "the dairyman's daughter" was a Methodist,—this might have been very proper, circumstanced as he was,—but he conducts the reader to the full impression that she was indebted to a clergyman of the Established Church for the instrumentality of her conversion. By this means, not only are those deprived of the honour which is their due, but it is ascribed to a quarter to which it does not belong. On this account the author of that perhaps unequalled tract has been even severely censured,—not indeed by those who had the privilege of knowing his character, and his truly catholic and most affectionate spirit, but by those who have been imperfectly informed of the facts of the case. The matter is scarcely worth ex-

planation, except as it is one of those overwhelmingly numerous instances which abundantly prove that God does work, not as though bestowing his "uncovenanted mercies" sparingly, occasionally, and as an evident exception to his established order, but liberally, constantly, regularly, by the instrumentality of persons not occupying a certain position in what has too often been asserted to be the exclusive order of the ministry. By those who are not in that order God so evidently works, that he is plainly blessing an instrumentality which he himself has created, and which, therefore, he recognizes; and is not overruling in mercy the evil product of human infirmity, and making it an occasion of good.

Whether Mr. Richmond did or did not know that Elizabeth Wallbridge was a member of the Methodist society, I cannot learn; but I have a full conviction that, when he represents her as informing him that she was awakened in the "Established Church" by a sermon from a missionary clergyman, it was a mere mistake, very naturally resulting from the imperfect recollection he would have of the terms which she employed. Mr. Crabb would at that time be called a missionary, as the tract of country over which his labours were spread would then be called a home mission among us; and as Mr. Richmond wrote from memory, some years after the events had occurred, and when he had left the island, and resided in another part of the kingdom, he might easily confound the words which were floating in his memory, and suppose it was some wind-bound missionary

who had come ashore at the island while the vessel was detained on the coast.

As the Rev. J. Crabb is still living, now a venerable and highly respected minister of a congregation at Southampton, and has very kindly furnished the writer of this account with a letter on the subject, an extract from it will set the matter in a clear and candid light. Mr. Crabb says :

“You request me to give you some information relating to the conversion of the late Elizabeth Wallbridge, known by the name of ‘the dairyman’s daughter.’ Perhaps it is known to thousands that I was the honoured, though unworthy instrument of leading her to Christ Jesus, her only and dearest friend. Several friends have urged me many times publicly to correct the little inaccuracies in Mr. Richmond’s narrative; but I have felt very unwilling to do it, lest I should in any measure lessen the importance and value of the tract; especially as these little mistakes no more affect the truth of the facts stated, than if a man were, through forgetfulness, to make a mistake as to the right name of the person by whom a very fruitful vineyard had been planted. What does that signify when it is seen that the trees live and bear fruit? And no one doubts the fact that it is the supreme Ruler of the universe who gave life to the trees, and who preserves them in life. I was well acquainted with that highly and deservedly beloved servant of Christ, who visited the interesting family in their affliction; and I once ventured to ask him, at his own house, ‘Pray, did you know the

instrument of Elizabeth's conversion?' 'No,' was the answer: 'but I expect it was under the ministry of a missionary who was going abroad to New South Wales,—I think it must have been Mr. Marsden.' The remark evidently showed how he had misunderstood Elizabeth's reference to a missionary. I said no more, only rejoicing in my own heart that the Holy Spirit had converted her. Mr. Richmond must have fallen into the mistake by only writing from his memory some years after the events had occurred, and not having understood at the time the exact import of the words which fell from the dying lips of Elizabeth. I lost sight of her myself for several years, being obliged to retire from my public duties on account of ill health; but one day a friend came to me and said, 'I have a guinea sent to me by the brother of Elizabeth Wallbridge for you. It comes from her death-bed, and she desires your acceptance of it as a small token of Christian love to you as the instrument of her conversion.' I valued the manner in which it was done, and received the token as the grateful gift of a dying Christian. I love her memory, and rejoice that the memoir has been the instrument of converting and comforting thousands of my poor fellow-sinners; and I most fervently pray that it may long continue to be a blessing to the church and to the world. And I trust also that your account of dear Elizabeth may satisfy all who have heard imperfect statements of the business. May all the glory be given to God for all his grace bestowed on us mortals!"

This sainted young woman, the influence of whose fervent and consistent piety has been so extensively diffused, and is still operating on so large a scale, died at Hale Common, in the parish of Arreton, in the full triumph of faith and hope, May 30th, 1801, in the thirty-first year of her age. On this interesting spot, where "the dairyman's daughter" breathed forth her dying prayers, and where "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof" rested for a moment to receive her happy spirit as it was delivered from the burden of the flesh, a very neat little Methodist chapel has, not long ago, been opened.

It is very natural for the intelligent reader of Mr. Richmond's narrative to express astonishment at the beauty of style and force of thought which characterize the letters of "the dairyman's daughter." Indeed, their genuineness has been questioned by not a few. The specimen, however, contained in the foregoing interesting "account" from the pen of Mr. Carvosso, goes far to prove that the letters ascribed to her by Mr. Richmond were really written by her, and were not *made to order*, as some have supposed. Mr. Grimshaw, the biographer of Mr. Richmond, was at one time a little skeptical on this point; but on mentioning the subject to Mr. Richmond, the latter produced some of the original letters, which, upon careful examination, were found to be identical with those which had been given to the public, with the exception of orthographical corrections and the occasional change of a word.

A few years since, the late Rev. Joseph Hughes, a

Baptist minister, one of the secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in company with a friend, visited the cottage in which "the dairyman's daughter" had resided, and inquired of her brother whether or not the circumstances of the story were precisely true. Mr. Wallbridge replied that there was only one fact that was misrepresented. Being asked, with some degree of anxiety, what that fact was, he said that Mr. Richmond had described a "vine," trained near the side of the window, whereas it was not a *vine*, but an *apple tree*! The circumstances concerning which he bore testimony were those, of course, connected with that portion of her life spent on her native island. Mr. Richmond's account of her conversion refers to circumstances which transpired when she was at service in Southampton. Mr. Richmond's error in regard to the instrument of her conversion, together with his failure to notice her connection with the Wesleyan Methodists—confessedly a small matter—is satisfactorily accounted for by Mr. Carvosso. There is no need of further remarks on this point.

Shortly after Mr. Richmond's death, his son-in-law, the Rev. John Ayre, published an edition of "The Dairyman's Daughter," containing several additional letters from this remarkable woman and two others written to her by Mr. Richmond. These letters are subjoined. They abundantly prove that Elizabeth Wallbridge was equal to the task of writing those that have been attributed to her by her biographer. They are well charged with quotations from Mr.

Wesley's hymns, for which she seems to have had a great passion. It is remarkable, too, that she cites those that are expressive of the loftiest grade of religious experience, and evidently enters into the spirit of the rapturous strains of that fervid poet. The constant use of the Bible, the book of Common Prayer, and Wesley's Hymn Books, will account for the correctness, purity, and elevation of her style. The first two of the following letters were addressed to her father. Mr. Ayre has omitted those passages which are strictly personal and private.

TO MR. JOSEPH WALLBRIDGE.

Southampton, Feb. 23, 1797.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,—

* * * * *

And now, my dear father, I do not know what to say to change the scene. I suppose you were a little alarmed the other day, when the fleet of colliers came in, and they were taken for French. It was reported here that they were landed in several places; and we should soon have been over in the island for shelter from them; as if by that means we could “flee from the wrath to come,” or stay the hand of an almighty and justly avenging God, who for the sins of mankind has sent his judgments abroad in the earth. And even now we are ready to say to that God who hath so long withheld the sword of vengeance from destroying us, and still extends his everlasting arms of mercy to save us—“Depart from us,”—for we desire not the

knowledge of him. But I hope, my dear father, that the Lord will have mercy on us, and bring us out of that gross darkness into his marvellous light, and set our feet on a rock that is higher than we are. But we are informed by the word of God, that if we would have all these blessings bestowed on us, we must fix all our hopes and our faith on the blessed Lamb of God that was slain to redeem the fallen children of Adam. For, "as in Adam all died, so shall all" true believers "in Christ be made alive" to God: and then, my dear father, we may say,

"Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make him room."

My dear father, I hope that God will not suffer sickness or death ever to surprise us unawares, or find us in a state unprepared.

* * * * *

Please to give my duty to my dear and tender mother, and accept the same yourself, and love to dear brothers and sisters; and may the blessed Spirit of God be very powerful in all your hearts to root out every evil.

LETTER II.

Southampton, April 11, 1797.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have been silent longer than I should, had my dear sister written before: but as

I know all things are guided and governed by Him whom my soul loveth, I wait patiently his appointed time. O, my dear father, it is good to trust in him, to call upon him, to honour his holy name. O, if you have not tasted how good and gracious the Lord is, then turn and seek him while he may be found. None ever sought his glorious face in vain; and those "that come unto me (saith the dear Lamb of God) I will in no wise cast out." No: his tender love, pity, and compassion never fail to poor sinners. No: though my dear mother and father have lived near to the time that my God hath said shall be the age of man; and ye have still been sinning and grieving, and hiding as it were your faces from that God who is still pursuing you with his love and mercy, yea, even the blessed Jesus, who is still making intercession for sinners at his Father's right hand. And

"When Justice bared the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of my Lord
 Cried, Let it still alone:
 The Father mild inclined his ear,
 And spares us yet another year."

But remember, my dear friends, his blessed words: "My Spirit will not always strive with man;" and "Except you are born again ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven;" and if you are not washed in the precious blood of that dear Lamb of God, you can have no part with him; and if his Spirit does not "bear witness with your spirit" that you are born of God, you are still in your sins, and "strangers

to the blood that bought you on the tree." O! my daily prayer to God is, that he will "turn you, and so shall you be turned." O! the dear Redeemer still waits to be gracious: he is ever ready to pardon your sins, and seal it with his precious blood: he is ever calling, "Come unto me, all ye that do labour and are heavy laden" with the burden of your sins, "and I will give you rest." Then I entreat you, my dear friends, in the name of the most high God, that ye turn and lay hold of the ever-blessed Jesus as your shield of faith, and he will arm you with the whole armour of God. But remember this: though God is full of love and mercy, yet he will be sought unto. Then draw nigh unto God in secret prayer, and God will draw nigh unto your precious souls, and that to bless them; and will say unto you, Believe on me, "my grace is sufficient for you," I will cleanse you in my precious blood, and then shall your leprosy be healed, and you shall return without spot. And then you must watch, and pray to him continually to keep you clean. O! he is always more ready to hear than we are to pray, and more ready to give than we to ask. Remember, my dear father, that the language of every prayerless and unconverted soul is, "Depart from me, O God;" for I desire not the knowledge of the Most High. Then put off the evil day no longer, lest you should hear *him* say, who is willing and able to save to the utmost those that come unto him, "I have stretched out my hand all the day long, and no man regarded." And "behold I knock at the door of every man's heart,

and to him that openeth unto me I will come in, and sup with him, and he with me." My dear father, these are blessed and comfortable words; and I am his living witness, and I "set my seal" that Jesus is true. O the happy state of the children of God! Now I ask and receive: I seek and I find him whom my soul loveth; yea, I always find I have a very near access, through his blessed intercession, to supplicate the throne of grace; and now I can say,

"Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands;"

and now I am so filled with the peace and love of God, that I can lift up my soul and say,

"My God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am;"

and

"Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love."

The Lord doth so strengthen my faith in him that I find all his promises stand engaged to make me blessed. O may God pardon what his poor unworthy dust has written through ignorance, which is not agreeable to his most blessed will, which I will ever seek to fulfil!

* * * * *

I have so little taste for the conversation of this world, that it is very unpleasant to think on it. My sister's love and duty to all. Mr. B. will be in the island soon, please God, and then you are to write to

her. Desire my brother to write to and direct her to the house of God in Bath, for she is still walking in darkness and is ignorant of it. O may the Lord be graciously pleased to bring you all into his marvellous light, that you may praise him in time and eternity: then strive to enter in at the strait gate.

. . . . If the Lord shall please to spare me, I hope to see you ere long; if not in this world, in that where we shall bask in unutterable bliss. My dear friends, take not this advice amiss from your unworthy child; it is the command of my blessed Lord, "When thou art converted, remember thy brethren:" and I daily take up my cross and follow him whithersoever he goeth: and I pray God enable you to do the same. O how should I rejoice and praise my God to see you enabled, through the inspiration of the Spirit of the Most High, to answer this ill-written letter!—Farewell, in the Lord, dear friends.

The third letter is to her sister.

LETTER III.

Cowes, October 14, 1798.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I have not had a convenient opportunity to write till now: I hope you have not been unhappy at my long silence. Consider that God is my keeper, therefore "I shall lack no manner of thing that is good." I entreat you to commend the keeping of your soul, spirit, and body to the

Lord, for he is a promise-making, and a true and faithful promise-keeping God.

“Then let me commend my Saviour to you,
The publican’s friend and advocate too.”

My dear, I say that God is my keeper: you will say, he is yours—it is true, for “in him we all live, move, and have our being;” but I can say with Job, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” and

“Now he is pleading his merits and death,
And still interceding for sinners beneath:”

he is waiting to be gracious to you, for he is long-suffering and kind, plenteous in goodness; his love and mercy know no end nor bounds, and his compassions fail not; now, my dear,

“Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.”

O my dear sister, search the Scriptures diligently; pray to God earnestly; for in so doing, you will find that he is a God “nigh at hand, and not afar off.” He has promised to be found of those that seek him; for none ever sought his face in vain, neither did ever any trust in him, and was deceived. O my dear sister, if you did but believe how willing God is to reveal his Son in your heart, the hope of glory! O how would your soul be ravished, if Christ would appear to you the altogether lovely, and the first among ten thousand! Then could you say those blessed words,

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“My soul, through my Redeemer’s care,
 Saved from the second death I feel;
 My eyes from tears of dark despair,
 My feet from falling into hell.

“Wherefore to him my feet shall run,
 My eyes on his perfections gaze,
 My soul shall live for God alone,
 And all within me shout his praise.”

I entreat you to read the word of God carefully, for in it is eternal life. All the promises there stand engaged to make you blessed, if you truly repent, and forsake your sins, and turn to God with full purpose of heart, and fully believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that he will save you from your sins, with a present and everlasting salvation: for he says, Only believe and thou shalt be saved. We should receive the word of God, as if it were the awful voice of God from heaven. It *will* be awful to the wicked and unconverted: O may the Lord quicken your dead soul

“with life divine,
 And make you in his image shine.”

O may you feel the kindlings of love divine shed abroad in your heart! Farewell in the Lord, my dear sister.

The following little narrative seems to have been intended for her own private use. It is apparently left unfinished.

November 30, 1800.

ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE, BORN JULY 29, 1770.

I feel my mind more composed when writing, and more free from wandering thoughts, than at any other time; for I have little retirement, and when I have, it is seldom free from disturbances, so that I am almost continually conversant with the world. The Lord knoweth what a burden it is to my mind, and how impatient I have been. May the Lord pardon his unfaithful, unprofitable servant, and sanctify me throughout, soul, spirit, and body, and plunge me in the Godhead's deepest sea, that I may be lost in his immensity! O glorious hope of perfect love! may it ever fill and lift my ravished spirit up to things above: *there* I shall for ever love.

I thought I would just set down, as the Lord is pleased to give me time and strength, a few of his particular mercies and favours as I can recollect. He has abounded in love and mercy to me: O that I had made him all the returns that love could make by giving myself a sacrifice daily unto him! But now I have to lament my shortcomings, and to apply to the "blood of sprinkling," which speaks my sins forgiven, and purifies my soul and makes it meet for heaven. O what a precious Saviour have I found! O that I could make him known to all mankind, that all may turn and taste the riches of his grace! At present I am so very weak in body and mind that I can recollect but very little: they have been decaying near four years; but in the Lord Jehovah is my

everlasting strength, and whoever relies on him shall never be ashamed, and shall be freed from all slavish fears.

I seemed to have some fear of God, and love to him from my childhood. His restraining grace kept me from falling into great and open sin, and gave me such a love to truth and uprightness, that I seemed to hate every false way, word, and work, in myself and others. I remember, when I went to school, one of my playmates, that I was very fond of, used to take every opportunity to get money from her mother unknown to her, and bring to school, and buy all kinds of little toys, and then freely give me and another or two an equal share with herself. But O how did the Spirit of the Lord strive with me at that time and convince me of the evil, so that I had no peace of mind while I partook of the sin, and yet I had not strength to resist it. It was so on my mind that I ought to make her fault known, not to conceal it and partake of part. I could see it a great evil in the person that sold her the things, whose daughter took part, and, I believe, knew as well as I did how she came by it; but I never revealed it, though I always bore it on my mind with abhorrence. What a sad thing to yield to sin against such clear convictions!

I was early taught a form of prayer, which I continued to repeat in a careless manner when I was laid down in my bed, but very often I fell asleep before I said them half. But, blessed be God, he still spared me, and often drew me to himself by the

ords of love; for at an early age he drew me to secret prayer, where I often felt the kindlings of his love; but had none to set me forward, so that I often neglected this duty; but when alone I have often felt great sweetness in it. I believe if I had heard the gospel preached, I should have been very early devoted to that God I now love and adore. But I do not yet love him as he has promised I shall, with all my loving heart, when sin is all destroyed. O happy moment, how I long for it!

The last document is

HER WILL.

My dear father, and mother, and brothers,—If it should please the Lord to spare you all till after my decease, I take this opportunity to set down what I simply desire, if it be the Lord's will and agreeable to you all. If I die under this roof, it will be best as soon as I am dead to have my coffin made: let Mr. — make it, if it is quite agreeable; and then I can be carried down stairs, and not disturb you or break your rest. And there the angels of my covenant-making and promise-keeping God will watch over me and protect my sleeping dust; so that you need not fear evil spirits, for they will have done with me for ever, they will never assault me any more: I shall then, through Christ, who hath loved me with an everlasting love, gain the glorious victory over all the principalities and powers of darkness:

for they know that I am a redeemed captive from their power, though they cease not to tempt me to return to my former customs, that I may be again in bondage to fear: but glory be given to God, his grace is sufficient for me; hitherto he hath brought me safe through, and I know he will save to the end. May I lift up my heart to him and cry—O thou

“Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again.”

Let my coffin be very plain, neat, and strong, made to cover very close. Let it be made white inside and out, if no trouble; and for my shroud a little wool will do, if you like it; it will be less expense; for it will all turn to dust. I care not whom you ask to my funeral; I want no form of young people; I had rather have those that love God, that they may rejoice over me with angels above, and praise a God of love. [*She then names several friends whom she desired to be present, and proceeds.*] Let them all meet together that can or will come, . . . and I trust they will feel the Lord powerfully present in the midst to bless every waiting soul, and reveal the secrets of his love. Mr. Richmond, or the minister of New-church, which you please; I love them both, because they love God: for “God is love,” and his love constrains us to love one another. . . . Do not be afraid of disturbing the peaceful dead in singing praises to God and the Lamb who hath redeemed me from sin. It may be, my happy spirit may be permitted to join with listening angels who catch the approving sound,

while all heaven's host cry—A child is born into our world above.

Let these hymns be sung: the 37th, "Hosanna to Jesus on high;" the 35th, "'Tis finished, 'tis done;" the 33d, "Ah lovely appearance of death;" the 50th, in the large book, "Hark, a voice divides the sky." If the preacher please, for the glory of God, and the good of the living, let him preach a sermon from Psalm cxvi. 15, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" and may the word be attended with power; a divine energy and the quickening influence of the Spirit of God rest upon the minister and the hearers, that glory may be given to God, and great good done in his precious name; that his saints that love him may be strengthened, and refreshed, and built up in their most holy faith; that they may go on their way rejoicing in the strength of the Lord, from grace to grace, till glory end what grace begun; that they may be fully prepared to meet death with Christian courage. And may all my dear friends follow on to know the Lord, and experimentally to feel the saving power of divine grace in each of their hearts, that they may give glory to God, and triumphantly quit the stage of mortality, shouting—Victory through the blood of the Lamb that was slain, who is now ascended on high for ever to reign. But I would have all remember, if they have never yet been convinced of their lost and miserable state by nature, that it is high time for them to awake out of sleep, and cry mightily to God to show them their danger and save

them from destruction: for without faith and prayer you cannot be saved. Then come like the humble publican, with a feeling sense of your sins, and true faith in *his* merits to atone for your sins and cleanse your guilty souls, and you will be sure to find mercy, pardon, and peace, and grace to help you in every time of need. When I was brought home, I was in great hopes I should see a great change; but I have been painfully disappointed to the present moment, which often fills my heart with grief and sorrow, to see sinners so unconcerned upon the brink of death. But if I am never permitted to see that happy change, I hope you will experience it, and meet me in glory: there we shall part no more. [*The remainder is occupied with the distribution of her little property, consisting almost entirely of wearing apparel, among her relatives.*]

The following letters were addressed to the dairyman's daughter by Mr. Richmond. The first is merely a short note, but it is inserted as a characteristic illustration of the style in which he addressed her:—

LETTER I.

It has pleased God, my Christian sister, for several weeks past to keep me in a state of sickness, from which soon, by his goodness, I hope to be relieved. I am at present unable to say half what I wish to you; but lest you should suspect me of inattention to your friendly and welcome letter, I write these few lines to say, that you shall either hear from me

at length, or see me shortly. May God support you through your trial of ill health; and the nearer you approach the other world, whenever it be God's appointed time, may you be more and more heavenly-minded. Peace be multiplied to you. I pray for you, and beg you to know how faithfully I am

Yours in Christ,

L. RICHMOND.

LETTER II.

You may be assured, upon the faith of one who loves God and would fain serve and obey him, that you are not out of my mind, though I have been prevented from doing myself the pleasure of calling upon you. I have also delayed writing till now, from an almost daily expectation of coming your way; but it has happened otherwise. I now acknowledge the receipt of your last letter, and rejoice at the sight of words dictated by a spirit of godliness, humility, and love. In a perverse and adulterous generation, like the present one, what can be so cheering to the soul as converse with those who really know the Lord, and love him because he hath first loved them? I am well convinced of the propriety and force of your advice with respect to my conduct, and that of ministers of the gospel in general. God grant such a weak and unprofitable servant as I am may find grace and ability to conduct myself as becomes a faithful labourer in the vineyard! For who can do it of his own strength? What are the natural powers of sinful man to work out the righteousness of God? To

the Spirit of Christ, which changeth and strengtheneth the inner man, we must attribute all: to him be honour, glory, and praise, in all the churches, now and evermore!

I have read your two books, and find much profit in them both. It appears that the life of Madame Guion should be attended to with some caution, which Mr. Wesley very frequently draws our observation to in his short notes at the bottom of the pages. She was sometimes influenced by notions which had not a sufficiently strong *scriptural* foundation, and therefore in *these things* should not be set as a pattern; but her love of God, and her anxiety to be for ever joined to him, are lovely and interesting. The true rule for discerning the motions and operations of the blessed Spirit within us, is to compare our feelings with those ways of holiness, happy fruits of the Spirit, which the apostle describes: let every thing be referred to this as a standard, and we never shall be mistaken. May God so guide and direct you and me to all goodness, that our works may glorify—not *ourselves*, none but Jesus can do that, but—our Father which is in heaven. May numbers have reason, through the mercy of God, to bless our memory; and may the seed which in my ministerial capacity I am commissioned to sow, to plant, and to water, receive its due increase from God. I assure you this lies much at my heart, and occupies much of my thoughts: seeing and “knowing the terrors of the Lord,” I would “persuade men” with all truth, earnestness, and sincerity to

flee from the wrath to come, and throw themselves and their sins at the foot of the cross, with true repentance and faith. Faith is the hand which we stretch forth to receive the benefits of Christ's blood; it is the soul of the spiritual life, and the grand distinguishing characteristic of the true Christian from the false; it is the touchstone of Christianity; the burning coal which sets fire to the sacrifice on the altar; the sun which enlightens the wilderness of the world; the lantern which guides our feet through the valley of the shadow of death. True faith never can be separated from hope and love; they are three lovely sisters, who take up their dwelling in the heart when it becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost; their parent is God, and their offspring, righteous works: how do they shine forth in the midst of a vain and wicked world, like a candle set upon a hill in a dark and gloomy night! May their operations spread wider and wider over the face of the world, and may the church of God increase in their fruits, till at length the happy time shall arrive when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of the Lord and his Anointed. God hasten so blessed a period!

I was much shocked at the sudden death of my neighbour —. Such unprepared calls ought to operate upon those that are left behind as salutary warnings: alive and healthy this morning, who knoweth that this very night our souls shall not be required of us? Let us be on the watch, and endeavour to make others so, for we “know neither the

day nor the hour" of our Master's coming. I am told that his successor has given some strong calls to duty and attentiveness in religion, which I hope in God will prove efficacious. He appears in conversation very much in earnest, and seems steady and persevering; but I have only seen him twice. In that parish you well know how much reformation is wanted. Alas! into what place can we go where it is not wanting? Iniquity triumphs, and presumption darkens the very heavens with her wide-spreading wings; blasphemy, covetousness, and uncleanness abound and prosper; men are lovers of pleasure, rather than lovers of God. Does not the world go just as Satan would have it? Sometimes he will even suggest to the faithful that their endeavours are in vain, and he tempts to inactivity and sloth; but, blessed be God, the Bible is in our hands, and there we find arguments, and strength, and consolation, and admonition, and precept, and commandment, and encouragement to proceed in the mighty task of beating down the strongholds of iniquity, and destroying the works of the devil. Even though "the overflowings of ungodliness may make us afraid," God worketh the good cause, and in the end it shall prosper. The church shall never fail, nor shall the gates of hell prevail against it. Your health, I hear, is weak: may God strengthen the inner man, as he thinks fit to weaken the outer! may his kingdom rule in your heart, though the outward fortifications crumble to dust. If it please God to shorten the span of your life, I trust you will meet

your Redeemer with peace and joy, and that you will employ the rest of that time which is appointed you on earth in promoting the cause of righteousness, in combating the artifices of Satan, resisting the ways of ungodliness, conversing with God in fervent prayer and holy meditation, contemplating his redeeming love, and hungering after higher and higher degrees of virtue. May the prospect of a heavenly inheritance keep you alive to holiness and gratitude, and in looking upon the world around, remember that the true spirit of the gospel teaches us to love the sinner, while we hate the sin.

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you from God and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Believe me to be yours with Christian regard,

L. RICHMOND.

From the kind, condescending, and Christian bearing of these letters, and the spirit which pervades the "authentic narrative," it is obvious that "the dairyman's daughter" must have derived no small benefit from the personal and epistolary correspondence which for several years was kept up between Mr. Richmond and herself. But no unprejudiced person can read the foregoing letters, together with those furnished in the "narrative," without seeing that the advantages of the correspondence were largely on the other side. To what extent the success of Mr. Richmond's ministerial labours is attributable to the influence exerted upon him by "the dairyman's daughter," eternity alone can show.

She evidently imbued his mind with a measure of her own fervour; and it is not improbable that some of his plans of usefulness were suggested by those which obtained among the people with whom she was connected. Thus, in one of his parishes he organized a society which, in its main features, resembled a *class-meeting*. It met weekly, under regulations of his own framing—a *director* being appointed, whose duties were similar to those of the *class-leader*. This society, which was formed in 1801, the year in which “the dairyman’s daughter” died, was doubtless productive of great good. Mr. Richmond’s ministry extended for more than a quarter of a century after that period. During all that time he was abundant in labours, and successfully engaged in his Master’s work, until he finished his course with joy, and rejoined “the dairyman’s daughter” in “the palace of angels and God.” There they will be greeted with gratitude and rapture, by thousands to whom they *yet speak* in this “authentic narrative.” May its republication, in the present form, add to their number and abundantly promote the Redeemer’s cause.

THE
DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

PART I.

IT is a delightful employment to discover and trace the operations of divine grace, as they are manifested in the dispositions and lives of God's real children. It is peculiarly gratifying to observe how frequently, among the poorer classes of mankind, the sunshine of mercy beams upon the heart, and bears witness to the image of Christ which the Spirit of God has impressed thereupon. Among such the sincerity and simplicity of the Christian character appear unencumbered by those obstacles to spirituality of mind and conversation, which too often prove a great hinderance to those who live in the higher ranks. Many are the difficulties which riches, worldly consequence, high connections, and the luxurious refinements of polished society, throw in the way of religious

profession. Happy indeed it is (and some such happy instances I know) where grace has so strikingly supported its conflict with natural pride, self-importance, the allurements of luxury, ease, and worldly opinion, that the noble and mighty appear adorned with genuine poverty of spirit, self-denial, humble-mindedness, and deep spirituality of heart.

But, in general, if we want to see religion in its most simple and pure character, we must look for it among the poor of this world, who are rich in faith. How often is the poor man's cottage the palace of God! Many can truly declare, that they have there learned the most valuable lessons of faith and hope, and there witnessed the most striking demonstrations of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God.

The character which the present narrative is designed to introduce to the notice of my readers, is given *from real life and circumstances*: I first became acquainted with her by receiving the following letter, which I transcribe from the original now before me:—

“REV. SIR,—I take the liberty to write to you. Pray excuse me, for I have never spoken to you. But I once heard you, when you preached at —— church. I believe you are a faithful preacher to

warn sinners to flee from the wrath that will be revealed against all those that live in sin and die impenitent. Pray go on in the strength of the Lord. And may he bless you, and crown your labour of love with success, and give you souls for your hire.

“The Lord has promised to be with those whom he calls and sends forth to preach his word to the end of time : for without him we can do nothing. I was much rejoiced to hear of those marks of love and affection to that poor soldier of the S. D. militia. Surely the love of Christ sent you to that poor man : may that love ever dwell richly in you by faith ! may it constrain you to seek the wandering souls of men with the fervent desire to spend and be spent for his glory ! May the unction of the Holy Spirit attend the word spoken by you with power, and convey deep conviction to the hearts of your hearers ! May many of them experience the divine change of being made new creatures in Christ !

“ Sir, be fervent in prayer with God for the conviction and conversion of sinners. His power is great, and who can withstand it ? He has promised to answer the prayer of faith, that is put up in his Son's name. ‘ Ask what ye will, it shall be granted you. ’ How this should strengthen our faith when we are taught by the word and Spirit

how to pray! O that sweet inspiring hope! how it lifts up the fainting spirits, when we look over the precious promises of God! What a mercy if we know Christ and the power of his resurrection in our own hearts! Through faith in Christ we rejoice in hope, and look up in expectation of that time drawing near, when all shall know and fear the Lord, and when a nation shall be born in a day.

“What a happy time when Christ’s kingdom shall come! then shall ‘his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.’ Men shall be daily fed with the manna of his love, and delight themselves in the Lord all the day long. Then what a paradise below will they enjoy! How it animates and enlivens my soul with vigour to pursue the ways of God, that I may even now bear some humble part in giving glory to God and the Lamb!

“Sir, I began to write this on Sunday, being detained from attending on public worship. My dear and only sister, living as a servant with Mrs. —, was so ill, that I came here to attend in her place and on her. But now she is no more.

“I was going to entreat you to write to her in answer to this; she being convinced of the evil of her past life, and that she had not walked in the ways of God, nor sought to please him. But she earnestly desired to do so. This makes me have a comfortable hope that she is gone to glory, and

that she is now joining in sweet concert with the angelic host in heaven to sing the wonders of redeeming love. I hope I may now write, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'

"She expressed a desire to receive the Lord's supper, and commemorate his precious death and sufferings. I told her, as well as I was able, what it was to receive Christ into her heart; but as her weakness of body increased, she did not mention it again. She seemed quite resigned before she died. I do hope she is gone from a world of death and sin to be with God for ever.

"Sir, I hope you will not be offended with me, a poor ignorant person, to take such a liberty as to write to you. But I trust, as you are called to instruct sinners in the ways of God, you will bear with me, and be so kind as to answer this ill-wrote letter, and give me some instructions. It is my heart's desire to have the mind that was in Christ, that when I awake up in his likeness, then I may be satisfied.

"My sister expressed a wish that you might bury her. The minister of our parish, whither she will be carried, cannot come. She will lie at —. She died on Tuesday morning, and will be buried on Friday or Saturday (whichever is most convenient to you) at three o'clock in the afternoon. Please to send an answer by the bearer, to

let me know whether you can comply with this request.

“From your unworthy servant,

“ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE.”

I was much struck with the simple and earnest strain of devotion which this letter breathed. It was but indifferently written and spelled. But this the rather tended to endear the hitherto unknown writer, as it seemed characteristic of the union of humbleness of station with eminence of piety. I felt quite thankful that I was favoured with a correspondent of this description; the more so, as such characters were at that time very rare in the neighbourhood. I have often wished that epistolary intercourse of this kind were more encouraged and practised among us. I have the greatest reason to speak well of its effects both on myself and others. Communication by letter as well as by conversation with the pious poor has often been the instrument of animating and reviving my own heart in the midst of duty, and of giving me the most profitable information for the general conduct of the ministerial office.

As soon as the letter was read, I inquired who was the bearer of it.

“He is waiting at the outside of the gate, sir;” was the reply.

I went out to speak to him, and saw a venerable old man, whose long hoary hair and deeply wrinkled countenance commanded more than common respect. He was resting his arm upon the gate, and tears were streaming down his cheeks. On my approach, he made a low bow, and said,

“Sir, I have brought you a letter from my daughter; but I fear you will think us very bold in asking you to take so much trouble.”

“By no means,” I replied; “I shall be truly glad to oblige you and any of your family in this matter, provided it be quite agreeable to the minister of your parish.”

“Sir, he told me yesterday, that he should be very glad if I could procure some gentleman to come and bury my poor child for him, as he lives five miles off, and has particular business on that day: so when I told my daughter, she asked me to come to you, sir, and bring that letter, which would explain the matter.”

I desired him to come into the house, and then said,

“What is your occupation?”

“Sir, I have lived most of my days in a little cottage at Arreton, six miles from here. I have rented a few acres of ground, and kept some cows, which, in addition to my day labour, has been the means of supporting and bringing up my family.”

“What family have you?”

“A wife, now getting very aged and helpless, two sons, and one daughter; for my other poor dear child has just departed out of this wicked world.”

“I hope for a better.”

“I hope so too: poor thing, she did not use to take to such good ways as her sister; but I do believe that her sister's manner of talking with her before she died was the means of saving her soul. What a mercy it is to have such a child as mine is! I never thought about my own soul seriously till she, poor girl, begged and prayed me to flee from the wrath to come.”

“How old are you?”

“Near seventy, and my wife is older; we are getting old and almost past our labour, but our daughter has left a good place, where she lived in service, on purpose to come home and take care of us and our little dairy. And a dear, dutiful, affectionate girl she is.”

“Was she always so?”

“No, sir, when she was very young, she was all for the world, and pleasure, and dress, and company. Indeed, we were all very ignorant, and thought if we took care of this life, and wronged nobody, we should be sure to go to heaven at last. My daughters were both wilful, and, like ourselves,

strangers to the ways of God and the word of his grace. But the eldest of them went out to service, and some years ago she heard a sermon preached at —— church, by a gentleman that was going to ——, as chaplain to the colony, and from that time she seemed quite another creature. She began to read the Bible, and became sober and steady. The first time she returned home afterward to see us, she brought us a guinea which she had saved from her wages, and said, as we were getting old, she was sure we should want help; adding that she did not wish to spend it in fine clothes, as she used to do, only to feed pride and vanity. She said, she would rather show gratitude to her dear father and mother, because Christ had shown such mercy to her.

“We wondered to hear her talk, and took great delight in her company; for her temper and behaviour were so humble and kind, she seemed so desirous to do us good both in soul and body, and was so different from what we had ever seen her before, that careless and ignorant as we had been, we began to think there must be something real in religion, or it never could alter a person so much in a little time.

“Her youngest sister, poor soul! used to laugh and ridicule her at that time, and said her head was turned with her new ways.

“‘No, sister,’ she would say, ‘not my *head*, but I hope my *heart* is turned from the love of sin to the love of God. I wish you may one day see, as I do, the danger and vanity of your present condition.’

“Her poor sister would reply, ‘I do not want to hear any of your preaching; I am no worse than other people, and that is enough for me.’—‘Well, sister,’ Elizabeth would say, ‘if you will not hear me, you cannot hinder me from praying for you, which I do with all my heart.’

“And now, sir, I believe those prayers are answered. For when her sister was taken ill, Elizabeth went to Mrs. ——’s to wait in her place, and take care of her. She said a great deal to her about her soul, and the poor girl began to be so deeply affected, and sensible of her past sin, and so thankful for her sister’s kind behaviour, that it gave her great hopes indeed for her sake. When my wife and I went to see her as she lay sick, she told us how grieved and ashamed she was of her past life; but said she had a hope through grace that her dear sister’s Sayiour would be her Saviour too; for she saw her own sinfulness, felt her own helplessness, and only wished to cast herself upon Christ as her hope and salvation.

“And now, sir, she is gone, and I hope and think her sister’s prayers for her conversion to

God have been answered. The Lord grant the same for her poor father and mother's sake likewise !”

This conversation was a very pleasing commentary upon the letter which I had received, and made me anxious both to comply with the request, and to become acquainted with the writer. I promised the good dairyman to attend on the Friday at the appointed hour ; and after some more conversation respecting his own state of mind under the present trial, he went away.

He was a reverend old man ; his furrowed cheeks, white locks, weeping eyes, bent shoulders, and feeble gait, were characteristic of the aged pilgrim. As he slowly walked onward, supported by a stick which seemed to have been the companion of many a long year, a train of reflections occurred, which I retrace with pleasure and emotion.

At the appointed hour I arrived at the church ; and after a little while was summoned to the churchyard gate to meet the funeral procession. The aged parents, the elder brother, and the sister, with other relatives, formed an affecting group. I was struck with the humble, pious, and pleasing countenance of the young woman from whom I had received the letter. It bore the marks of great seriousness without affectation, and of much serenity mingled with a glow of devotion.

A circumstance occurred during the reading of the burial service which I think it right to mention, as one among many testimonies of the solemn and impressive tendency of our truly evangelical Liturgy.

A man of the village, who had hitherto been of a very careless and even profligate character, went into the church through mere curiosity, and with no better purpose than that of vacantly gazing at the ceremony. He came likewise to the grave, and during the reading of those prayers which are appointed for that part of the service, his mind received a deep serious conviction of his sin and spiritual danger. It was an impression that never wore off, but gradually ripened into the most satisfactory evidence of an entire change, of which I had many and long-continued proofs. He always referred to the burial service, and to some particular sentences of it, as the clearly ascertained instrument of bringing him, through grace, to the knowledge of the truth.

The day was therefore one to be remembered. Remembered let it be by those who love to hear "the short and simple annals of the poor."

Was there not a manifest and happy connection between the circumstances that providentially brought the serious and the careless to the same grave on that day together? How much do *they*

lose who neglect to trace the leadings of God in providence, as links in the chain of his eternal purpose of redemption and grace !

“While infidels may scoff let us adore !”

After the service was concluded, I had a short conversation with the good old couple and their daughter. She told me that she intended to remain a week or two at the gentleman's house where her sister died, till another servant should arrive and take her sister's place.

“I shall be truly obliged,” said she, “by an opportunity of conversing with you, either there, or at my father's, when I return home, which will be in the course of a fortnight at the furthest. I shall be glad to talk to you about my sister, whom you have just buried.”

Her aspect and address were highly interesting. I promised to see her very soon ; and then returned home, quietly reflecting on the circumstances of the funeral at which I had been engaged. I blessed the God of the poor, and prayed that the poor might become rich in faith, and the rich be made poor in spirit.

PART II.

A SWEET solemnity often possesses the mind, while retracing past intercourse with departed friends. How much is this increased, when they were such as lived and died in the Lord! The remembrance of former scenes and conversations with those, who, we believe, are now enjoying the uninterrupted happiness of a better world, fills the heart with pleasing sadness, and animates the soul with the hopeful anticipation of a day when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed in the assembling of all his children together, never more to be separated. Whether they were rich or poor, while on earth, is a matter of trifling consequence: the valuable part of their character is that they are kings and priests unto God, and this is their true nobility. In the number of now departed believers with whom I once loved to converse on the grace and glory of the kingdom of God, was the dairyman's daughter.

About a week after the funeral, I went to visit the family at ——, in whose service the youngest sister had lived and died, and where Elizabeth was requested to remain for a short time in her stead.

The house was a large and venerable mansion. It stood in a beautiful valley at the foot of a high

hill. It was embowered in fine woods, which were interspersed in every direction with rising, falling and swelling grounds. The manor-house had evidently descended through a long line of ancestry, from a distant period of time. The Gothic character of its original architecture was still preserved in the latticed windows, adorned with carved divisions and pillars of stone work. Several pointed terminations also, in the construction of the roof, according to the custom of our forefathers, fully corresponded with the general features of the building.

One end of the house was entirely clothed with the thick foliage of an immense ivy, which climbed beyond customary limits, and embraced a lofty chimney up to its very summit. Such a tree seemed congenial to the walls that supported it, and conspired with the antique fashion of the place to carry imagination back to the days of our ancestors.

As I approached, I was led to reflect on the lapse of ages, and the successive generations of men, each in their turn occupying lands, houses, and domains; each in their turn also disappearing, and leaving their inheritance to be enjoyed by others. David once observed the same, and cried out, "Behold thou hast made my days as a

hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee : verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show : surely they are disquieted in vain : he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

Happy would it be for the rich, if they more frequently meditated on the uncertainty of all their possessions, and the frail nature of every earthly tenure. "Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names. Nevertheless, man being in honour abideth not : he is like the beasts that perish. This their way is their folly : yet their posterity approve their sayings. Like sheep they are laid in the grave ; death shall feed on them ; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling."

As I advanced to the mansion, a pleasing kind of gloom overspread the front : it was occasioned by the shade of trees, and gave a characteristic effect to the ancient fabric. I instantly recollected that death had very lately visited the house, and that one of its present inhabitants was an affectionate mourner for a departed sister.

There is a solemnity in the thought of a recent

death, which will associate itself with the very walls from whence we are conscious that a soul has just taken its flight to eternity.

After passing some time in conversation with the superiors of the family, in the course of which I was much gratified by hearing of the unremitted attention which the elder sister had paid to the younger, during the illness of the latter; I received likewise other testimonies of the excellence of her general character and conduct in the house: I then took leave, requesting permission to see her, agreeably to the promise I had made at the funeral not many days before.

I was shown into a parlour, where I found her alone. She was in deep mourning. She had a calmness and serenity in her countenance, which exceedingly struck me, and impressed some idea of those attainments which a further acquaintance with her afterward so much increased.

She spoke of her sister. I had the satisfaction of finding that she had given very hopeful proofs of a change of heart before she died. The prayers and earnest exhortations of Elizabeth had been blessed to a happy effect. She described what had passed with such a mixture of sisterly affection, and pious dependence on the mercy of God to sinners, as convinced me that her own heart was under the influence of "pure and undefiled religion."

She requested leave occasionally to correspond with me on serious subjects, stating that she needed much instruction. She hoped I would pardon the liberty which she had taken by introducing herself to my notice. She expressed a trust that the Lord would overrule both the death of her sister, and the personal acquaintance with me that resulted from it, to a present and future good, as it respected herself and also her parents, with whom she stately lived, and to whom she expected to return in a few days.

Finding that she was wanted in some household duty, I did not remain long with her; but left her with an assurance that I proposed to visit her parents very shortly.

“Sir,” said she, “I take it very kind that you have condescended to leave the company of the rich and converse with the poor. I wish I could have said more to you respecting my own state of mind. Perhaps I shall be better able another time. When you next visit me, instead of finding me in these noble walls, you will see me in a poor cottage. But I am happiest when there. Once more, sir, I thank you for your past kindness to me and mine, and may God in many ways bless you for it!”

I quitted the house with no small degree of satisfaction, in consequence of the new acquaintance which I had formed. I discovered traces of a cul-

tivated, as well as a spiritual mind. I felt that religious intercourse with those of low estate may be rendered eminently useful to others, whose outward station and advantages are far above their own.

How often does it appear that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty: and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence."

It was not unfrequently my custom when my mind was filled with any interesting subject for meditation, to seek some spot where the beauties of natural prospect might help to form pleasing and useful associations. I therefore ascended gradually to the very summit of the hill adjoining the mansion where my visit had just been made. Here was placed an elevated sea-mark: it was in the form of a triangular pyramid, and built of stone. I sat down on the ground near it, and looked at the surrounding prospect, which was distinguished for beauty and magnificence. It was a lofty station, which commanded a complete circle of interesting objects to engage the spectator's attention.

Southward the view was terminated by a long

range of hills at about six miles distance. They met, to the westward, another chain of hills, of which the one whereon I sat formed a link, and the whole together nearly encompassed a rich and fruitful valley, filled with cornfields and pastures. Through this vale flowed a small river for many miles: much cattle were feeding on its banks. Here and there lesser eminences rose in the valley; some covered with wood, others with corn or grass, and a few with heath or fern. One of these little hills was distinguished by a parish church at the top, presenting a striking feature in the landscape. Another of these elevations, situated in the centre of the valley, was adorned with a venerable holly tree, which has grown there for ages. Its singular height and wide-spreading dimensions not only render it an object of curiosity to the traveller, but of daily usefulness to the pilot, as a mark visible from the sea, whereby to direct his vessel safe into harbour. Villages, churches, country-seats, farm-houses, and cottages, were scattered over every part of the southern valley. In this direction also, at the foot of the hill where I was stationed, appeared the ancient mansion which I had just quitted, embellished with its woods, groves, and gardens.

South-eastward, I saw the open ocean, bounded only by the horizon. The sun shone, and gilded

the waves with a glittering light that sparkled in the most brilliant manner. More to the east, in continuation of that line of hills where I was placed, rose two downs, one beyond the other; both covered with sheep, and the sea just visible over the furthest of them, as a terminating boundary. In this point ships were seen, some sailing, others at anchor. Here the little river, which watered the southern valley, finished its course, and ran through meadows into the sea, in an eastward direction.

On the north, the sea appeared like a noble river, varying from three to seven miles in breadth, between the banks of the opposite coast and those of the island which I inhabited. Immediately underneath me was a fine woody district of country, diversified by many pleasing objects. Distant towns were visible on the opposite shore. Numbers of ships occupied the sheltered station which this northern channel afforded them. The eye roamed with delight over an expanse of near and remote beauties, which alternately caught the observation, and which harmonized together, and produced a scene of peculiar interest.

Westward the hills followed each other, forming several intermediate and partial valleys, in a kind of undulations, like the waves of the sea; and bending to the south, completed the boundary of the larger valley before described, to the southward

of the hill on which I sat. In many instances the hills were cultivated with corn to their very summits, and seemed to defy the inclemency of the weather; which, at these heights, usually renders the ground incapable of bringing forth and ripening the crops of grain. One hill alone, the highest in elevation, and about ten miles to the south-westward, was enveloped in a cloud, which just permitted a dim and hazy sight of a signal post, a light-house, and an ancient chantry, built on its summit.

Amidst these numerous specimens of delightful scenery I found a mount for contemplation, and here I indulged in it.

“How much of the natural beauties of Paradise still remain in the world, although its spiritual character has been so awfully defaced by sin! But when divine grace renews the heart of the fallen sinner, Paradise is regained, and much of its beauty restored to the soul. As this prospect is compounded of hill and dale, land and sea, woods and plains, all sweetly blended together and relieving each other in the landscape; so do the gracious dispositions wrought in the soul produce a beauty and harmony of scene to which it was before a stranger.”

I looked toward the village in the plain below, where the dairyman's younger daughter was buried.

I retraced the simple solemnities of the funeral. I connected the principles and conduct of her sister with the present probably happy state of her soul in the world of spirits, and was greatly impressed with a sense of the importance of family influence as a means of grace. "That young woman," I thought, "has been the conductor of not only a sister, but perhaps a father and mother also, to the true knowledge of God, and may, by divine blessing, become so to others. It is a glorious occupation to win souls to Christ, and guide them out of Egyptian bondage through the wilderness into the promised Canaan. Happy are the families who are walking hand in hand together, as pilgrims toward the heavenly country. May the number of such be daily increased!"

Casting my eye over the numerous dwellings in the vales on my right and left, I could not help thinking, "How many of their inhabitants are ignorant of the ways of God, and strangers to his grace! May this thought stimulate to activity and diligence in the cause of immortal souls! They are precious in God's sight—they ought to be so in ours."

Some pointed and affecting observations to that effect recurred to my mind, as having been made by the young person with whom I had been just conversing. Her mind appeared to be much impressed with the duty of speaking and acting for

God "while it is day;" conscious that "the night cometh when no man can work." Her laudable anxiety on this head was often testified to me afterward, both by letter and conversation. What she felt herself in respect to endeavours to do good, she happily communicated to others with whom she corresponded or conversed.

Time would not permit my continuing so long in the enjoyment of these meditations on this lovely mount of observation, as my heart desired. On my return home I wrote a few lines to the dairyman's daughter, chiefly dictated by the train of thought which had occupied my mind while I sat on the hill.

On the next Sunday evening I received her reply, of which the following is a transcript:—

"Sunday, ———.

"REV. SIR,—I am this day deprived of an opportunity of attending the house of God, to worship him. But, glory be to his name! he is not confined to time nor place. I feel him present with me where I am, and 'his presence makes my Paradise; for where he is, is heaven.' I pray God that a double portion of his grace and Holy Spirit may rest upon you this day; that his blessing may attend all your faithful labours; and that you may find the truth of his word, assuring us, that wherever

we assemble together in his name, there he is in the midst to bless every waiting soul.

“How precious are all his promises! We ought never to doubt the truth of his word. For he will never deceive us if we go on in faith, always expecting to receive what his goodness waits to give. Dear sir, I have felt it very consoling to read your kind letter to-day. I feel thankful to God for ministers in our church who love and fear his name: there it is where the people in general look for salvation; and there may they ever find it for Jesus' sake! May his word, spoken by you, his chosen vessel of grace, be made spirit and life to their dead souls! May it come from you as an instrument in the hands of God, as sharp arrows from a strong archer, and strike a death-blow to all their sins! How I long to see the arrows of conviction fasten on the minds of those that are hearers of the word and not doers! O sir, be ambitious for the glory of God and the salvation of souls! It will add to the lustre of your crown in glory, as well as to your present joy and peace. We should be willing to spend and be spent in his service, saying, ‘Lord, may thy will be done by me on earth, even as it is by thy angels in heaven.’ So you may expect to see his face with joy, and say, ‘Here am I, Lord, and all the souls thou hast given me.’

“It seems wonderful that we should neglect any opportunity of doing good, when there is, if it be done from love to God and his creatures, a present reward of grace, in reflecting that we are using the talents committed to our care according to the power and ability which we receive from him. God requires not what he has not promised to give. But when we look back, and reflect that there have been opportunities in which we have neglected to take up our cross and speak and act for God; what a dejection of mind we feel! We are then justly filled with shame. Conscious of being ashamed of Christ, we cannot come with that holy boldness to a throne of grace, nor feel that free access when we make our supplications.

“We are commanded to provoke one another to love and good works; and where two are agreed together in the things of God, they may say,

‘And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!’

“Sir, I hope Mrs. Richmond and you are both of one heart and mind. Then you will sweetly agree in all things that make for your present and eternal happiness. Christ sent his disciples out, not singly, but two and two; that they might com-

fort and help each other in those ways and works which their Lord commanded them to pursue.

“It has been my lot to have been alone the greatest part of the time that I have known the ways of God. I therefore find it such a treat to my soul when I can meet with any who love to talk of the goodness and love of God, and all his gracious dealings. What a comfortable reflection, to think of spending a whole eternity in that delightful employment; to tell to listening angels his love, ‘immense, unsearchable!’

“Dear sir, I thank you for your kindness and condescension in leaving those that are of high rank and birth in the world, to converse with me, who am but a servant here below. But when I consider what a high calling, what honour and dignity God has conferred upon me, to be called his child, to be born of his Spirit, made an heir of glory, and joint heir with Christ; how humble and circumspect should I be in all my ways, as a dutiful and loving child to an affectionate and loving Father! When I seriously consider these things, it fills me with love and gratitude to God, and I do not wish for any higher station, nor envy the rich. I rather pity them if they are not good as well as great. My blessed Lord was pleased to appear in the form of a servant; and I long to be like him.

“I did not feel in so happy a frame for conversation that day, nor yet that liberty to explain my thoughts, which I sometimes do. The fault must have been all in myself; for there was nothing in you but what seemed to evidence a Christian spirit, temper, and disposition. I very much wished for an opportunity to converse with you. I feel very thankful to God that you do take up the cross and despise the shame: if you are found faithful, you will soon sit down with him in glory.

“I have written to the Rev. Mr. ——, to thank him for permitting you to perform the burial service at Arreton, over my dear departed sister, and to tell him of the kind way in which you consented to do it. I should mention that your manner of reading the service on that day had a considerable effect on the hearers.

“Pray excuse all faults, and correct my errors. I expect in a few days to return home to my parents' house. We shall rejoice to see you there.

“From your humble servant in Christ,

“ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE.”

It was impossible to view such a correspondent with indifference. I had just returned from a little cottage assembly, where, on Sunday evenings, I sometimes went to instruct a few poor families in one of the hamlets belonging to my parish. I

read the letter and closed the day with thanksgiving to God for thus enabling those who fear his name to build up each other in faith and love.

Of old time, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name."

That book of remembrance is not yet closed.

PART III.

THE mind of man is like a moving picture, supplied with objects, not only from contemplation on things present, but from the fruitful sources of recollection and anticipation.

Memory retraces past events, and restores an ideal reality to scenes which are gone by for ever. They live again in revived imagery, and we seem to hear and see with renewed emotions what we heard and saw at a former period. Successions of such recollected circumstances often form a series of welcome memorials. In religious meditation the memory becomes a sanctified instrument of spiritual improvement.

Another part of this animated picture is furnished by the pencil of hope. She draws encouraging prospects for the soul by connecting the past and present with the future. Seeing the promises afar off, she is persuaded of their truth, and embraces them as her own.

The Spirit of God gives a blessing to both these acts of the mind, and employs them in the service of religion. Every faculty of body and soul, when considered as a part of "the purchased possession" of the Saviour, assumes a new character. How powerfully does the apostle, on this ground, urge a plea for holy activity and watchfulness: "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God; and ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

The Christian may derive much profit and enjoyment from the use of the memory as it concerns those transactions in which he once bore a part. In his endeavours to recall past conversations and intercourse with deceased friends in particular, the powers of remembrance greatly improve by exercise. One revived idea produces another, till the mind is most agreeably and usefully occupied with lively and holy imaginations.

“Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies;
Each as the varied avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all with sacred art
Control the latent fibres of the heart.”

May it please God to bless both to the reader and the writer this feeble attempt to recollect some of the communications which I once enjoyed in my visits to the dairyman's dwelling!

Very soon after the receipt of the last letter, I rode for the first time to see the family at their own home. The principal part of the road lay through retired, narrow lanes, beautifully over-arched with groves of nut and other trees, which screened the traveller from the rays of the sun, and afforded many interesting objects for admiration, in the flowers, shrubs, and young trees, which grew upon the high banks on each side of the road. Many grotesque rocks, with little trickling streams of water occasionally breaking out of them, varied the recluse scenery, and produced a romantic and pleasing effect.

Here and there the more distant prospect beyond was observable through gaps and hollow places on the road-side. Lofty hills, with navy signal-posts,

obelisks, and light-houses on their summits, appeared at these intervals: rich corn-fields were also visible through some of the open places; and now and then, when the road ascended a hill, the sea, with ships at various distances, was seen. But for the most part shady seclusion, and objects of a more minute and confined nature, gave a character to the journey, and invited contemplation.

How much do they lose who are strangers to serious meditation on the wonders and beauties of nature! How gloriously the God of creation shines in his works! Not a tree, or leaf, or flower; not a bird or insect, but proclaims in glowing language, "God made me."

As I approached the village where the good old dairyman dwelt, I observed him in a little field, driving his cows before him toward a yard and hovel which adjoined his cottage. I advanced very near to him without his observing me, for his sight was dim. On my calling out to him, he started at the sound of my voice, but with much gladness of heart welcomed me, saying, "Bless your heart, sir, I am very glad you are come: we have looked for you every day this week."

The cottage door opened, and the daughter come out, followed by her aged and infirm mother. The sight of me naturally brought to recollection the grave at which we had before met. Tears of

affection mingled with the smile of satisfaction with which I was received by these worthy cottagers. I dismounted, and was conducted through a neat little garden, part of which was shaded by two large overspreading elm-trees, to the house. Decency and order were manifest within and without. No excuse was made here, on the score of poverty, for confusion and uncleanness in the disposal of their little household. Every thing wore the aspect of neatness and propriety. On each side of the fireplace stood an old oaken arm-chair, where the venerable parents rested their weary limbs after the day's labour was over. On a shelf in one corner lay two Bibles, with a few religious books and tracts. The little room had two windows; a lovely prospect of hills, woods, and fields, appeared through one; the other was more than half obscured by the branches of a vine which was trained across it; between its leaves the sun shone, and cast a cheerful light over the whole place.

"This," thought I, "is a fit residence for piety, peace, and contentment. May I learn a fresh lesson for advancement in each through the blessing of God on this visit!"

"Sir," said the daughter, "we are not worthy that you should come under our roof. We take it very kind that you should travel so far to see us."

"My Master," I replied, "came a great deal

farther to visit us poor sinners. He left the bosom of his Father, laid aside his glory, and came down to this lower world on a visit of mercy and love; and ought not we, if we profess to follow him, to bear each other's infirmities, and go about doing good as he did?"

The old man now entered and joined his wife and daughter in giving me a cordial welcome. Our conversation soon turned to the loss they had so lately sustained. The pious and sensible disposition of the daughter was peculiarly manifested, as well in what she said to her parents, as in what she more immediately addressed to myself. I had now a further opportunity of remarking the good sense and agreeable manner which accompanied her expressions of devotedness to God and love to Christ, for the great mercies which he had bestowed upon her. During her residence in different gentlemen's families where she had been in service, she had acquired a superior behaviour and address; but sincere piety rendered her very humble and unassuming in manner and conversation. She seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of my visit to the best purpose for her own and her parents' sake; yet there was nothing of unbecoming forwardness, no self-consequence or conceitedness in her conduct. She united the firmness and solicitude of the Christian with the modesty

of the female and the dutifulness of the daughter. It was impossible to be in her company and not observe how truly her temper and conversation adorned the principles which she professed.

I soon discovered how eager and how successful also she had been in her endeavours to bring her father and mother to the knowledge and experience of the truth. This is a lovely feature in the character of a young Christian. If it have pleased God in the free dispensations of his mercy to call the child by his grace, while the parents remain still in ignorance and sin, how great is the duty incumbent on that child to do what is possible to promote the conversion of those to whom so much is owing! Happy is it when the ties of grace sanctify those of nature!

The aged couple evidently regarded and spoke of this daughter as their teacher and admonisher in divine things, while at the same time they received from her every token of filial submission and obedience, testified by continual endeavours to serve and assist them to the utmost of her power in the daily concerns of the household.

The religion of this young woman was of a highly spiritual character, and of no ordinary attainment. Her views of the divine plan in saving the sinner were clear and scriptural. She spoke much of the joys and sorrows which in the course

of her religious progress she had experienced : but she was fully sensible that there is far more in real religion than mere occasional transition from one frame of mind and spirits to another. She believed that the experimental acquaintance of the heart with God principally consisted in so living upon Christ by faith as to aim at living like him by love. She knew that the love of God toward the sinner, and the path of duty prescribed to the sinner, are both of an unchangeable nature. In a believing dependence on the one, and an affectionate walk in the other, she sought and found "the peace of God which passeth all understanding;" "for so he giveth his beloved rest."

She had read but few books besides her Bible ; but these few were excellent in their kind, and she spoke of their contents as one who knew their value. In addition to a Bible and Prayer-book, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," Romaine's "Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," Bunyan's "Pilgrim," Alleine's "Alarm," Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," a hymn-book, and a few tracts, composed her library.

I observed in her countenance a pale and delicate hue, which I afterward found to be a presage of consumption ; and the idea then occurred to me that she would not live very long.

Time passed on swiftly with this interesting

family; and after having partaken of some plain and wholesome refreshment, and enjoyed a few hours' conversation with them, I found it was necessary for me to return homeward. The disposition and character of the parties may be in some sort ascertained by the expressions used at parting.

“God send you safe home again,” said the aged mother, “and bless the day that brought you to see two poor old creatures, such as we are, in our trouble and affliction. Come again, sir, come again, when you can; and though I am a poor ignorant soul, not fit to talk to such a gentleman as you, yet my dear child shall speak for me; she is the greatest comfort I have left, and I hope the good Lord will spare her to support my trembling limbs and feeble spirits till I lie down with my other dear departed children in the grave.”

“Trust to the Lord,” I answered, “and remember his gracious promise, ‘Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoary hairs will I carry you.’”

“I thank you, sir,” said the daughter, “for your Christian kindness to me and my friends. I believe the blessing of the Lord has attended your visit, and I hope that I have experienced it to be so. My dear father and mother will, I am

sure, remember it; and I rejoice in the opportunity of seeing so kind a friend under this roof. My Saviour has been abundantly good to me in plucking me 'as a brand from the burning,' and showing me the way of life and peace: and I hope it is my heart's desire to live to his glory. But I long to see these dear friends enjoy the power and comfort of religion likewise."

"I think it evident," I replied, "that the promise is fulfilled in their case, 'It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.'"

"I believe it," she said, "and praise God for the blessed hope."

"Thank him too, that you have been the happy instrument of bringing them to the light."

"I do, sir; yet, when I think of my own unworthiness and insufficiency, I rejoice with trembling."

"Sir," said the good old man, "I am sure the Lord will reward you for this kindness. Pray for us, old as we are, and sinners as we have been, that yet he would have mercy upon us at the eleventh hour. Poor Betsey strives much for our sakes, both in body and soul; she works hard all day to save us trouble, and I fear has not strength to support all she does; and then she talks to us, and reads to us, and prays for us, that we may be

saved from the wrath to come. Indeed, sir, she's a rare child to us."

"Peace be to you and to all that belong to you!"

"Amen, and thank you, dear sir," was echoed from each tongue.

Thus we parted for that time. My returning meditations were sweet, and I hope profitable.

Many other visits were afterward made by me to this peaceful cottage, and I always found increasing reason to thank God for the intercourse I there enjoyed.

An interval of some length occurred once during that year, in which I had not seen the dairyman's family. I was reminded of the circumstance by the receipt of the following letter :

"REV. SIR,—I have been expecting to see or hear from you for a considerable time. Excuse the liberty I take in sending you another letter. I have been confined to the house the greater part of the time since I left ——. I took cold that day, and have been worse ever since. I walk out a little on these fine days, but seem to myself to walk very near on the borders of eternity. Glory be to God, it is a very pleasing prospect before me. Though I feel the workings of sin, and am abased, yet Jesus shows his mercy to be mine, and I trust that I am his. At such times,

‘My soul would leave this heavy clay
At his transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To meet and praise the Lord.

‘Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I’d break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.”

My desire is to live every moment to God, that I may, through his grace, be kept in that heavenly, happy frame of mind, that I shall wish for at the hour of death. We cannot live or die happy without this; and, to keep it, we must be continually watching and praying. For we have many enemies to disturb our peace. I am so very weak, that now I can go nowhere to any outward means for that help which is so refreshing to my spirit.

“I should have been very happy to have heard you last Sunday when you preached at ——: I could not walk so far. I hope the word spoken by you was made a blessing to many that heard it. It was my earnest prayer to God that it might be so. But, alas! once calling does not awaken many that are in a sound sleep. Yet the voice of God is sometimes very powerful, when his ministers speak; when they are influenced by his Holy Spirit, and are simple and sincere in holding forth

the word of life. Then it will teach us all things, and enlighten our mind and reveal unto us the hidden things of darkness, and give us out of that divine treasure 'things new and old.' Resting on God to work in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure, we ought always to work as diligent servants, that know they have a good Master, that will surely not forget their labour of love.

"If we could but fix our eyes always on that crown of glory that awaits us in the skies, we should never grow weary in well doing; but should run with patience and delight in the work and ways of God, where he appoints us. We should not then, as we too frequently do, suffer these trifling objects here on earth to draw away our minds from God, to rob him of his glory, and our souls of that happiness and comfort which the believer may enjoy amidst outward afflictions. If we thus lived more by faith in the Son of God, we should endeavour to stir up all, whom we could, to seek after God. We should tell them what he has done for us, and what he would do for them, if they truly sought him. We should show them what a glorious expectation there is for all true believers and sincere seekers.

"When our minds are so fixed on God, we are more desirous of glorifying him, in making known

his goodness to us, than the proud rich man is of getting honour to himself. I mourn over my own backwardness to this exercise of duty, when I think of God's willingness to save the vilest of the vile, according to the dispensations of his eternal grace and mercy. O! how amiable, how lovely does this make that God of love appear to poor sinners that can view him as such. How is the soul delighted with such a contemplation! They that have much forgiven, how much they love!

“These thoughts have been much on my mind since the death of ——. I trust the Lord will pardon me for my neglect. I thought it was my duty to speak or write to him: you remember what I said to you respecting it. But I still delayed till a more convenient season. O! how I was struck when I heard the Lord had taken him so suddenly. I was filled with sorrow and shame for having neglected what I had so often resolved to do. But now the time for speaking for God to him is over. Hence we see that the Lord's time is the best time. Now the night of death was come upon him; no more work was to be done. If I had done all that lay in my power to proclaim reconciliation by Christ to his soul, whether he had heard or no, I should have been clear of his blood. But I cannot recall the time that is past, nor him from the grave. Had I known the Lord

would have called him so suddenly, how diligent I should have been to warn him of his danger! But it is enough that God shows us what *we* are to do, and not what *he* is about to do with us or any of his creatures. Pray, sir, do all you can for the glory of God. The time will soon pass by, and then we shall enter that glorious rest that he hath prepared for them that love him. I pray God to fill you with that zeal and love which he only can inspire, that you may daily win souls to Christ. May he deliver you from all slavish fear of man, and give you boldness, as he did of old those that were filled with the Holy Ghost and with power!

“Remember, Christ has promised to be with all his faithful ministers to the end of time. The greater dangers and difficulties they are exposed to, the more powerful his assistance. Then, sir, let us fear none but him. I hope you will pray much for me, a poor sinner, that God will perfect his strength in my weakness of body and mind. For without him I can do nothing. But when I can experience the teachings of that Holy One, I need no other teacher. May the Lord anoint you with the same, and give you every grace of his Holy Spirit, that you may be filled with all the fulness of God; that you may know what is the height and depth, the length and breadth of the

love of God in Christ Jesus : that you may be in the hand of the Lord, as a keen archer to draw the bow, while the Lord directs and fastens the arrows of conviction in the hearts of such as are under your ministry !

“I sincerely pray that you may be made a blessing to him that has taken the place of the deceased. I have heard that you are fellow-countrymen : I hope you are, however, both as strangers in this world, that have no abiding place, but seek a country out of sight.

“Pray excuse all faults from your humble servant in the bonds of the gospel of Christ,

“ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE.”

When I perused this and other letters, which were at different times written to me by the dairyman's daughter, I felt that, in the person of this interesting correspondent, were singularly united the characters of an humble disciple and a faithful monitor. I wished to acknowledge the goodness of God in each of these her capacities.

I sometimes entertain a hope that the last day will unfold the value of these epistolary communications, beyond even any present estimate of their spiritual importance.

PART IV.

THE translation of sinners, "from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son," is the joy of Christians and the admiration of angels. Every penitent and pardoned soul is a new witness to the triumphs of the Redeemer over sin, death, and the grave. How great the change that is wrought! The child of wrath becomes a monument of grace—a brand plucked from the burning! "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." How marvellous, how interesting is the spiritual history of each individual believer! He is, like David, "a wonder unto many;" but the greatest wonder of all unto himself. Others may doubt whether it be so, or not; but to *him* it is unequivocally proved, that, from first to last, grace alone reigns in the works of his salvation.

The character and privileges of real Christians are beautifully described in the language of our Church, who, when speaking of the objects of divine favour and compassion, says: "They that be endued with so excellent a benefit of God, be called according to God's purpose in due season: they through grace obey the calling: they be justified

freely: they be made sons of God by adoption: they be made like the image of his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ: they walk religiously in good works; and at length by God's mercy they attain to everlasting felicity."

Such a conception and display of the Almighty wisdom, power, and love, is indeed "full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the Spirit of Christ mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members; and drawing up their minds to high and heavenly things: it doth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation to be enjoyed through Christ, and doth fervently kindle their love toward God."

Nearly allied to the consolation of a good hope through grace, as it respects our own personal state before God, is that of seeing its evidences shed lustre over the disposition and conduct of others. Bright was the exhibition of the union between true Christian enjoyment and Christian exertion, in the character whose moral and spiritual features I am attempting to delineate.

It seemed to be the first wish of her heart to prove to others, what God had already proved to her, that Jesus is "the way, and the truth, and the life." She desired to evince the reality of her calling, justification, and adoption into the family

of God, by showing a conformity to the image of Christ, and by walking "religiously in good works:" she trusted that, in this path of faith and obedience, she should "at length, by God's mercy, attain to everlasting felicity."

I had the spiritual charge of another parish, adjoining to that in which I resided. It was a small district and had but few inhabitants. The church was pleasantly situated on a rising bank, at the foot of a considerable hill. It was surrounded by trees, and had a rural, retired appearance. Close to the church-yard stood a large old mansion, which had formerly been the residence of an opulent and titled family; but it had long since been appropriated to the use of the estate as a farmhouse. Its outward aspect bore considerable remains of ancient grandeur, and gave a pleasing character to the spot of ground on which the church stood.

In every direction the roads that led to this house of God possessed distinct but interesting features. One of them ascended between several rural cottages, from the sea-shore, which adjoined the lower part of the village street. Another wound round the curved sides of the adjacent hill, and was adorned both above and below with numerous sheep feeding on the herbage of the down. A third road led to the church by a gently

rising approach, between high banks, covered with young trees, bushes, ivy, hedge plants, and wild flowers.

From a point of land which commanded a view of all these several avenues, I used sometimes for a while to watch my congregation gradually assembling together at the hour of Sabbath worship. They were in some directions visible for a considerable distance. Gratifying associations of thought would form in my mind, as I contemplated their approach and successive arrival within the precincts of the house of prayer.

One day as I was thus occupied, during a short interval previous to the hour of divine service, I reflected on the joy which David experienced, at the time he exclaimed: "I was glad, when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together; whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

I was led to reflect upon the various blessings connected with the establishment of public worship. "How many immortal souls are now gathering together to perform the all-important work of prayer and praise—to hear the word of God—to feed upon the bread of life! They are

leaving their respective dwellings, and will soon be united together in the house of prayer. How beautifully does this represent the effect produced by the voice of 'the good Shepherd,' calling his sheep from every part of the wilderness into his fold! As these fields, hills, and lanes, are now covered with men, women, and children in various directions, drawing nearer to each other, and to the object of their journey's end; even so, many 'shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.'"

Who can rightly appreciate the value of such hours as these?—hours spent in learning the ways of holy pleasantness and the paths of heavenly peace—hours devoted to the service of God and of souls; in warning the sinner to flee from the wrath to come! in teaching the ignorant how to live and die; in preaching the gospel to the poor; in healing the broken-hearted; in declaring deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind."—"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted."

My thoughts then pursued a train of reflection on the importance of the ministerial office, as con-

nected in the purposes of God with the salvation of sinners. I inwardly prayed that those many individuals whom he had given me to instruct, might not, through my neglect or error, be as sheep having no shepherd, nor as the blind led by the blind: but rather that I might, in season and out of season, faithfully proclaim the simple and undisguised truths of the gospel, to the glory of God and the prosperity of his church.

At that instant, near the bottom of the enclosed lane which led to the church-yard, I observed a friend, whom at such a distance from his own home, I little expected to meet. It was the venerable dairyman. He came up the ascent, leaning with one hand on his trusty staff, and with the other on the arm of a younger man, well known to me, who appeared to be much gratified in meeting with such a companion by the way.

My station was on the top of one of the banks which formed the hollow road beneath. They passed a few yards below me. I was concealed from their sight by a projecting tree. They were talking of the mercies of God, and the unsearchable riches of his grace. The dairyman was telling his companion what a blessing the Lord had given him in his daughter. His countenance brightened as he named her, and called her his precious Betsey.

I met them at a stile not many yards beyond, and accompanied them to the church which was hard by.

“Sir,” said the old man, “I have brought a letter from my daughter—I hope I am in time for divine service. Seven miles is now become a long walk for me: I grow old and weak—I am very glad to see you, sir.”

“How is your daughter?”

“Very poorly indeed, sir, very poorly—the doctors say it is a decline. I sometimes hope she will get the better of it; but then again I have many fears. You know, sir, that I have cause to love and prize her. O! it would be such a trial; but the Lord knows what is best. Excuse my weakness, sir.”

He put a letter into my hand, the perusal of which I reserved till afterward, as the time was nigh for going into church.

The presence of this aged pilgrim, and the peculiar reverence and affection with which he joined in the different parts of the service, excited many gratifying thoughts in my mind; such as rather furthered than interrupted devotion.

The train of reflection in which I had been engaged, when I first discovered him in the road, at intervals recurred powerfully to my feelings, as I viewed that very congregation assembled together

in the house of God, whose steps, in their approach toward it, I had watched with prayerful emotions.

“Here the rich and poor meet together, in mutual acknowledgment that the Lord is the Maker of them all; and that all are alike dependent creatures, looking up to one common Father to supply their wants, both temporal and spiritual.

“Again, likewise, will they meet together in the grave, that undistinguishing receptacle of the opulent and the needy.

“And once more, at the judgment-seat of Christ, shall the rich and the poor meet together, that ‘every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.’

“How closely connected in the history of man are these three periods of a general meeting together!

“The house of prayer—the house appointed for all living—and the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. May we never separate these ideas from each other, but retain them in a sacred and profitable union! So shall our worshipping assemblies on earth be representative of the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven.”

When the congregation dispersed, I entered

into discourse with the dairyman and a few of the poor of my flock, whose minds were of like disposition to his own. He seldom could speak long together without some reference to his dear child. He loved to tell how merciful his God had been to him, in the dutiful and affectionate attentions of his daughter. All real Christians feel a tender and spiritual attachment toward those who have been the instrument of bringing them to an effectual knowledge of the way of salvation; but when that instrument is one so nearly allied, how dear does the relationship become!

If my friend the dairyman was in any danger of falling into idolatry, his child would have been the idol of his affections. She was the prop and stay of her parents' declining years, and they scarcely knew how sufficiently to testify the gratitude of their hearts for the comfort and blessing which she was the means of affording them.

While he was relating several particulars of his family history to the others, I opened and read the following letter:—

“SIR,—Once more I take the liberty to trouble you with a few lines. I received your letter with great pleasure, and thank you for it. I am now so weak that I am unable to walk to any public place of divine worship, a privilege which has

heretofore always so much strengthened and refreshed me. I used to go in anxious expectation to meet my God, and hold sweet communion with him, and I was seldom disappointed. In the means of grace all the channels of divine mercy are open to every heart that is lifted up to receive out of that divine fulness grace for grace. These are the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. How have I rejoiced to hear a faithful and lively messenger, just come, as it were, from communion with God at the throne of grace, with his heart warmed and filled with divine love, to speak to fallen sinners! Such a one has seemed to me as if his face shone as that of Moses did with the glory of God, when he came down from the mount; where he had been within the veil. May you, sir, imitate him as he did Christ, that all may see and know that the Lord dwelleth with you, and that you dwell in him through the unity of the blessed Spirit. I trust you are no stranger to his divine teaching, aid, and assistance, in all you set your hand to do for the glory of God.

“I hope, sir, the sincerity of my wishes for your spiritual welfare will plead an excuse for the freedom of my address to you. I pray the Giver of every perfect gift that you may experience the mighty workings of his gracious Spirit in your heart and your ministry, and rest your all on the

justifying and purifying blood of an expiring Redeemer. Then will you triumph in his strength, and be enabled to say with the poet:—

- ‘ Shall I through fear of feeble men
The Spirit’s course strive to restrain?
Or, undismay’d in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?
- ‘ Awed by a mortal’s frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- ‘ Shall I, to soothe th’ unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth’s gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my God, by thee?
- ‘ What then is he, whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man? an heir of death? a slave
To sin, a bubble on the wave?
- ‘ Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.
- ‘ Still shall the love of Christ constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men,
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
And snatch them from the yawning grave.

‘For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame :
All hail reproach, and welcome pain,
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.’

“I trust, sir, that you see what a glorious high calling yours is, and that you are one of those who walk humbly with God, that you may be taught of him in all things. Persons in your place are messengers of the most high God. Is it too much to say they should live like the angels in all holiness, and be filled with love and zeal for men’s souls? They are ambassadors in Christ’s stead, to persuade sinners to be reconciled to God. So that your calling is above that of angels: for they are *afterward* to minister to the heirs of salvation; but the sinner must be *first* reconciled to God. And you are called upon from day to day to intercede with man, as his friend, that you may win souls to Christ. Christ is ascended up on high, to intercede with his Father for guilty sinners, and to plead for them the merits of his death. So that Christ and his faithful ministers, through the operation of the blessed Spirit, are co-workers together. Yet without him we can do nothing; our strength is his strength, and his is all the glory from first to last.

“It is my heart’s prayer and desire, sir, that you may, by a living faith, cleave closer to that

blessed, exalted Lamb of God, who died to redeem us from sin—that you may have a sweet communion with Father, Son, and Spirit—that you may sink deep in humble love, and rise high in the life of God. Thus will you have such discoveries of the beauties of Christ and his eternal glory, as will fill your heart with true delight.

“If I am not deceived, I wish myself to enjoy his gracious favour, more than all the treasures which earth can afford. I would in comparison look upon them with holy disdain, and as not worth an anxious thought, that they may not have power on my heart, to draw or attract it from God, who is worthy of my highest esteem, and of all my affections. It should be our endeavour to set him always before us, that in all things we may act as in his immediate presence: that we may be filled with that holy fear, that we may not dare wilfully to sin against him. We should earnestly entreat the Lord to mortify the power and working of sin and unbelief within us, by making Christ appear more and more precious in our eyes, and more dear to our hearts.

“It fills my heart with thankful recollections, while I attempt in this weak manner to speak of God's love to man. When I reflect on *my* past sins and *his* past mercies, I am assured, that if I had all the gifts of wise men and angels, I could

never sufficiently describe my own inward sense of his undeserved love toward me. We can better enjoy these glorious apprehensions in our hearts than explain them to others. But, O! how unworthy of them all are we! Consciousness of my own corruptions keeps me often low; yet faith and desire will eagerly mount on high, beseeching God that he would, according to the apostle's prayer, fill me with all his communicable fulness, in the gifts and graces of his Spirit: that I may walk well-pleasing before him, in all holy conversation, perfecting holiness in his fear.

“If I err in boldness, sir, pray pardon me, and in your next letter confirm my hope, that you will be my counsellor and guide.

“I can only recompense your kindness to me by my prayers, that your own intercourse with God may be abundantly blessed to you and yours. I consider the Saviour saying to you, as he did to Peter, ‘Lovest thou me!’ and may your heart-felt experience be compelled to reply, ‘Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee’ supremely. May he have evident marks of it in all your outward actions of love and humanity, in feeding his flock, and in the inward fervour and affection of all your consecrated powers: that you may be zealously engaged in pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan, and building up his

church; sowing the seeds of righteousness, and praying God to give the increase—that you may not labour for him in vain; but may see the trees bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit abundantly, to the praise and glory of your heavenly Master. In order to give you encouragement he says, whosoever ‘converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death;’ and that will increase the brightness of your crown in glory. This hath Christ merited for his faithful ministers.

“I hope, sir, you will receive grace to be sincere in reprovng sin, wherever you see it. You will find divine assistance, and all fear and shame taken from you. Great peace will be given to you, and wisdom, strength, and courage according to your work. You will be as Paul; having much learning, you can speak to men in all stations in life, by God’s assistance. The fear of offending them will never prevent you, when you consider the glory of God; and man’s immortal soul is of more value than his present favour and esteem. In particular, you are in an office wherein you can visit *all* the sick. Man’s extremity is often God’s opportunity. In this way you may prove an instrument in his hand to do his work. Although he *can* work without means, yet his usual way is by means: and I trust you are a chosen vessel

unto him, to prove his name and declare his truth to all men.

“ Visiting the sick is a strict command, and a duty for every Christian. None can tell what good may be done. I wish it was never neglected, as it too often is. Many think, that if they attend in the church—the minister to preach, and the people to hear—their duty is done. But more is required than this. May the Lord stir up the gift that is in his people and ministers, that they may have compassion on their fellow-sinners, that they may never think it too late, but remember, that, while there is life, there is hope !

“ Once more, I pray, sir, pardon and excuse all my errors in judgment, and the ignorance that this is penned in ; and may God bless you in all things, and particularly your friendship to me and my parents ! What a comfort is family religion ! I do not doubt, but this is your desire, as it is mine, to say,

‘ I and my house will serve the Lord,
 But first obedient to his word
 I must myself appear :
 By actions, words, and tempers show,
 That I my heavenly Master know,
 And serve with heart sincere.

‘ I must the fair example set,
 From those that on my pleasure wait
 The stumbling-block remove ;

Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

'Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God ;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

'Lord, if thou dost the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive ;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

'With all-sufficient grace supply,
And then I'll come to testify
The wonders of thy name,
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Its power may every sinner feel
And every tongue proclaim !

'Cleansed by the blood of Christ from sin,
I seek my relatives to win,
And preach their sins forgiven ;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.'

“Living so much in a solitary way, books are my companions ; and poetry, which speaks of the

love of God and the mercies of Christ, is very sweet to my mind. This must be my excuse for troubling you to read verses which others have written. I have intended, if my declining state of health will permit, to go to —— for a few days. I say this lest you should call in expectation of seeing me, during any part of next week. But my dear father and mother, for whose precious souls I am very anxious, will reap the benefit of your visit at all events. From

“Your humble and unworthy servant,

“ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE.”

Having read it, I said to the father of my highly valued correspondent,

“I thank you for being the bearer of this letter: your daughter is a kind friend and faithful counsellor to me, as well as to you. Tell her how highly I esteem her friendship, and that I feel truly obliged for the many excellent sentiments which she has here expressed. Give her my blessing, and assure her that the oftener she writes, the more thankful I shall be.”

The dairyman's enlivened eye gleamed with pleasure as I spoke. The praise of his Elizabeth was a string which could not be touched without causing every nerve of his whole frame to vibrate.

His voice half faltered, as he spoke in reply;

the tear started in his eyes; his hand trembled, as I pressed it; his heart was full; he could only say,

“Sir, a poor old man thanks you for your kindness to him and his family: God bless you, sir; I hope we shall soon see you again.”

Thus we parted for that day.

PART V.

IT has not unfrequently been observed, that when it is the Lord's pleasure to remove any of his faithful followers out of this life at an early period of their course, they make rapid progress in the experience of divine truth. The fruits of the Spirit ripen fast within them, as they advance to the close of mortal existence. In particular they grow in humility, through a deeper sense of inward corruption, and a clearer view of the perfect character of the Saviour. Disease and bodily weakness make the thoughts of eternity recur with frequency and power. The great question of their own personal salvation—the quality of their faith, the sincerity of their love, and the purity of their hope—is in continual exercise.

Unseen realities, at such a time, occupy a larger portion of thought than before. The state of ex-

istence beyond the grave, the invisible world, the unalterable character of the dead, the future judgment, the total separation from every thing earthly, the dissolution of body and spirit, and their reunion at the solemn hour of resurrection—these are subjects for their meditation, which call for serious earnestness of soul. Whatever consolations from the Spirit of God they may have enjoyed heretofore, they become now doubly anxious to examine and prove themselves, “whether they be indeed in the faith.” In doing this, they sometimes pass through hidden conflicts of a dark and distressing nature: from which, however, they come forth, like gold tried in the furnace. A while they may “sow in tears,” but soon they “reap in joy.”

Their religious feelings have then, perhaps, less of ecstasy, but more of serenity.

As the ears of corn ripen for the harvest, they bow their heads nearer to the ground. So it is with believers; they then see more than ever of their own imperfections, and often express their sense of it in strong language; yet they repose with a growing confidence on the love of God through Christ Jesus. The nearer they advance to their eternal rest, the more humble they become, but not the less useful in their sphere. They feel anxiously desirous of improving every

talent they possess to the glory of God, knowing that the time is short.

I thought I observed the truth of these remarks fulfilled in the progressive state of mind of the dairyman's daughter.

Declining health seemed to indicate the will of God concerning her. But her character, conduct, and experience of the divine favour increased in brightness as the setting sun of her mortal life approached its horizon. The last letter which, with the exception of a very short note, I ever received from her, I shall now transcribe. It appeared to me to bear the marks of a still deeper acquaintance with the workings of her own heart, and a more entire reliance upon the free mercy of God.

The original, while I copy it, strongly revives the image of the deceased, and the many profitable conversations which I once enjoyed in her company, and that of her parents. It again endears me to the recollections of cottage piety, and helps me to anticipate the joys of that day when the spirits of the glorified saints shall be reunited to their bodies, and be for ever with the Lord.

The writer of this and the preceding letters herself little imagined, when they were penned, that they would ever be submitted to the public eye: that they now are so, results from a con-

viction that the friends of the pious poor will estimate them according to their value ; and a hope that it may please God to honour these memorials of the dead to the effectual edification of the living.

“REV. SIR,—In consequence of your kind permission, I take the liberty to trouble you with another of my ill-written letters ; and I trust you have too much of your blessed Master's lowly, meek, and humble mind, to be offended with a poor, simple, ignorant creature, whose intentions are pure and sincere in writing. My desire is, that I, a weak vessel of his grace, may glorify his name for his goodness toward me. May the Lord direct me by his counsel and wisdom ! May he overshadow me with his presence ; that I may sit beneath the banner of his love, and find the consolations of his blessed Spirit sweet and refreshing to my soul !

“When I feel that I am nothing, and God is all in all, then I can willingly fly to him, saying, ‘Lord, help me ; Lord, teach me ; be unto me my Prophet, Priest, and King. Let me know the teaching of thy grace, and the disclosing of thy love.’ What nearness of access might we have if we lived more near to God ! What sweet communion might we have with a God of love ! He is the great I AM. How glorious a name ! Angels

with trembling awe prostrate themselves before him, and in humble love adore and worship him. One says,—

‘While the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings.’

Unworthy as I am, I have found it by experience, that the more I see of the greatness and goodness of God, and the nearer union I hope I have had with him through the Spirit of his love, the more humble and self-abased I have been.

“But every day I may say, ‘Lord, how little I love thee, how far I live from thee, how little I am like thee in humility!’ It is nevertheless my heart’s desire to love and serve him better. I find the way in which God does more particularly bless me, is when I attend on the public ordinances of religion. These are the channels through which he conveys the riches of his grace and precious love to my soul. These I have often found to be indeed the time of refreshing and strengthening from the presence of the Lord. Then I can see my hope of an interest in the covenant of his love, and praise him for his mercy to the greatest of sinners.

“I earnestly wish to be more established in his ways, and to honour him in the path of duty, while I enjoy the smiles of his favour. In the midst of all outward afflictions I pray that I may

know Christ and the power of his resurrection within my soul. If I were always thus, my summer would last all the year; my will would then be sweetly lost in God's will, and I should feel a resignation to every dispensation of his providence and his grace, saying, 'Good is the will of the Lord: infinite wisdom cannot err.' Then would patience have its perfect work.

"But alas! sin and unbelief often, too often, interrupt these frames, and lay me low before God in tears of sorrow. I often think what a happiness it would be, if his love were so fixed in my heart, that I might willingly obey him with alacrity and delight, and gradually mortify the power of self-will, passion, and pride. This can only arise from a good hope through grace, that we are washed in that precious blood which cleanses us from every sinful stain, and makes us new creatures in Christ. O that we may be the happy witnesses of the saving power and virtue of that healing stream which flows from the fountain of everlasting love!

"Sir, my faith is often exceedingly weak: can you be so kind as to tell me, what you have found to be the most effectual means of strengthening it? I often think how plainly the Lord declares, 'Believe only, and thou shalt be saved. Only have faith; all things are possible to him that has

it.' How I wish that we could remove all those mountains that hinder and obstruct the light of his grace; so that having full access unto God through that ever-blessed Spirit, we might lovingly commune with him as with the dearest of friends. What favour doth God bestow on worms! And yet we love to murmur and complain. He may well say, What should I have done more, that I have not done? or wherein have I proved unfaithful or unkind to my faithless backsliding children?

“Sir, I pray that I may not grieve him, as I have done, any more. I want your counsel and your prayers for me in this matter. How refreshing is the sight of one that truly loves God, that bears his image and likeness!

“But delightful as is conversation with true believers on earth, whose hearts are lifted up to things above, yet what is this to that happy day which will admit us into more bright realms; where we shall for ever behold a God of love in the smiling face of his Son, who is the express image of his Father and the brightness of his glory? Then, if found in him, we shall be received by the innumerable hosts of angels who wait around his throne.

“In the mean time, sir, may I take up my cross and manfully fight under Him, who, for the glory

that was set before him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now set down at his Father's right hand in majesty! I thank you for the kind liberty you have given me of writing to you. I feel my health declining, and I find a relief during an hour of pain and weakness in communicating these thoughts to you.

"I hope, sir, you go on your way rejoicing; that you are enabled to thank Him who is the Giver of every good gift, spiritual, temporal, and providential, for blessings to yourself and your ministry. I do not doubt but you often meet with circumstances which are not pleasing to nature, yet, by the blessing of God, they will all be profitable in the end. They are kindly designed by grace to make and keep us humble. The difficulties which you spoke of to me some time since will, I trust, disappear.

"My dear father and mother are as well as usual in bodily health, and I hope grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. My chief desire to live is for their sakes. It now seems long since we have seen you. I am almost ashamed to request you to come to our little cottage to visit those who are so much below your station in life. But if you cannot come, we shall be very glad if you will write a few lines. I ought to make an excuse for my letter, I spell so badly :

this was a great neglect when I was young. I gave myself greatly to reading, but not to the other, and now I am too weak and feeble to learn much.

“I hear sometimes of persons growing serious in your congregation. It gives me joy, and if true, I am sure it does so to yourself. I long for the pure gospel of Christ to be preached in every church in the world, and for the time when all shall know, love, and fear the Lord; and the uniting Spirit of God shall make them of one heart and mind in Christ our great Head. Your greatest joy I know will be in labouring much for the glory of God in the salvation of men's souls. You serve a good Master. You have a sure reward. I pray God to give you strength according to your day.

“Pray, sir, do not be offended at the freedom and manner of my writing. My parents' duty and love to you are sent with these lines, from

“Your humble servant in Christ,

“ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE.”

Epistolary communications, when written in sincerity of heart, afford genuine portraits of the mind. May the foregoing be viewed with Christian candour, and consecrated to affectionate memory!

PART VI.

TRAVELLERS, as they pass through the country, usually stop to inquire whose are the splendid mansions which they discover among the woods and plains around them. The families, titles, fortune or character of the respective owners, engage much attention. Perhaps their houses are exhibited to the admiring stranger. The elegant rooms, costly furniture, valuable paintings, beautiful gardens and shrubberies, are universally approved; while the rank, fashion, taste, and riches of the possessor afford ample materials for entertaining discussion. In the mean time, the lowly cottage of the poor husbandman is passed by as scarcely deserving of notice. Yet perchance such a cottage may often contain a treasure of infinitely more value than the sumptuous palace of the rich man; even "the pearl of great price." If this be set in the heart of the poor cottager, it proves a gem of unspeakable worth, and will shine among the brightest ornaments of the Redeemer's crown, in that day when he maketh up his "jewels."

Hence, the Christian traveller, while in common with others he bestows his due share of applause on the decorations of the rich, and is not insensible to the beauties and magnificence which are the

lawfully allowed appendages of rank and fortune, cannot overlook the humbler dwelling of the poor. And if he should find that true piety and grace beneath the thatched roof, which he has in vain looked for amidst the worldly grandeur of the rich, he remembers the declarations in the word of God. He sees with admiration, that "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, who dwelleth in the high and holy place, dwelleth with *him also* that is of a contrite and humble spirit," (Isa. lvii. 15,) and although heaven is his throne, and the earth his footstool, yet, when a house is to be built, and a place of rest to be sought for himself, he says, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word," Isa. lxii. 1, 2.

When a house is thus tenanted, faith beholds this inscription written on the walls, *The Lord lives here*. Faith therefore cannot pass it by unnoticed, but loves to lift up the latch of the door, and to sit down and converse with the poor, although perhaps despised inhabitant. Many a sweet interview does Faith obtain, when she thus takes her walks abroad. Many such a sweet interview have I myself enjoyed beneath the roof where dwelt the dairyman and his little family.

I soon perceived that his daughter's health was

rapidly on the decline. The pale, wasting consumption, which is the Lord's instrument for removing so many thousands every year from the land of the living, made hasty strides on her constitution. The hollow eye, the distressing cough, and the often too flattering red on the cheek, foretold the approach of death.

What a field for usefulness and affectionate attention on the part of ministers and Christian friends is opened by the frequent attacks and lingering progress of *consumptive* illness! How many such precious opportunities are daily lost, where Providence seems in so marked a way to afford time and space for serious and godly instruction! Of how many may it be said, "The way of peace have they not known!" for not one friend ever came nigh to warn them to "flee from the wrath to come."

But the dairyman's daughter was happily made acquainted with the things which belonged to her everlasting peace before the present disease had taken root in her constitution. In my visits to her, I went rather to receive information than to impart it. Her mind was abundantly stored with divine truths, and her conversation was truly edifying. The recollection of it must ever produce a thankful sensation in my heart.

I one day received a short note to the following effect :—

“DEAR SIR,—I should be very glad, if your convenience will allow, that you would come and see a poor unworthy sinner: my hour-glass is nearly run out, but I hope I can see Christ to be precious to my soul. Your conversation has often been blessed to me, and I now feel the need of it more than ever. My father and mother send their duty to you.

“From your obedient and unworthy servant,
“ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE.”

I obeyed the summons that same afternoon. On my arrival at the dairyman's cottage, his wife opened the door. The tears streamed down her check as she silently shook her head. Her heart was full. She tried to speak, but could not. I took her by the hand, and said,

“My good friend, all is right, and as the Lord of wisdom and mercy directs.”

“O! my Betsey, my dear girl is so bad, sir: what shall I do without her?—I thought I should have gone first to the grave, but——”

“But the Lord sees good that before you die yourself, you should behold your child safe home to glory. Is there no mercy in this?”

“O, dear sir! I am very old and very weak; and she is a dear child, the staff and prop of a poor old creature, as I am.”

As I advanced, I saw Elizabeth sitting by the fireside, supported in an arm-chair by pillows, with every mark of rapid decline and approaching death. A sweet smile of friendly complacency enlightened her pale countenance, as she said,

“This is very kind indeed, sir, to come so soon after I sent to you. You find me daily wasting away, and I cannot have long to continue here. My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my weak heart, and I trust will be my portion for ever.”

The conversation was occasionally interrupted by her cough and want of breath. Her tone of voice was clear, though feeble; her manner solemn and collected, and her eye, though more dim than formerly, by no means wanting in liveliness, as she spoke. I had frequently admired the superior language in which she expressed her ideas, as well as the Scriptural consistency with which she communicated her thoughts. She had a good natural understanding; and grace, as is generally the case, had much improved it. On the present occasion I could not help thinking she was peculiarly favoured. The whole strength of gracious and natural attainments seemed to be in full exercise.

After taking my seat between the daughter and the mother, (the latter fixing her fond eyes upon her child with great anxiety while we were conversing,) I said to Elizabeth,

“I hope you enjoy a sense of the divine presence, and can rest all upon Him who has ‘been with thee,’ and has kept thee, ‘in all places whither thou hast gone,’ and will bring thee into ‘the land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign.’”

“Sir, I think I can. My mind has lately been sometimes clouded, but I believe it has been partly owing to the great weakness and suffering of my bodily frame, and partly to the envy of my spiritual enemy, who wants to persuade me that Christ has no love for me, and that I have been a self-deceiver.”

“And do you give way to his suggestions? Can you doubt amidst such numerous tokens of past and present mercy?”

“No, sir, I mostly am enabled to preserve a clear evidence of His love. I do not wish to add to my other sins that of denying his manifest goodness to my soul. I would acknowledge it to his praise and glory.”

“What is your present view of the state in which you were, before you felt seriously concerned about the salvation of your soul?”

“Sir, I was a proud, thoughtless girl, fond of

dress and finery; I loved the world and the things that are in the world; I lived in service among worldly people, and never had the happiness of being in a family where worship was regarded, and the souls of the servants cared for either by master or mistress. I went once on a Sunday to church, more to see and be seen than to pray or hear the word of God. I thought I was quite good enough to be saved, and disliked and often laughed at religious people. I was in great darkness; I knew nothing of the way of salvation; I never prayed, nor was sensible of the awful danger of a prayerless state. I wished to maintain the character of a good servant, and was much lifted up whenever I met with applause. I was tolerably moral and decent in my conduct, from motives of carnal and worldly policy; but I was a stranger to God and Christ; I neglected my soul; and had I died in such a state, hell must, and would justly, have been my portion."

"How long is it since you heard the sermon which you hope, through God's blessing, effected your conversion?"

"About five years ago."

"How was it brought about?"

"It was reported that a Mr. —, who was detained by contrary winds from embarking on board ship as chaplain to a distant part of the

world, was to preach at —— church.* Many advised me not to go, for fear he should turn my head; as they said he held strange notions. But curiosity, and the opportunity of appearing in a new gown, which I was very proud of, induced me to ask leave of my mistress to go. Indeed, sir, I had no better motives than vanity and curiosity. Yet thus it pleased the Lord to order it for his own glory.

“ I accordingly went to church, and saw a great crowd of people collected together. I often think of the contrary states of my mind during the former and latter part of the service. For a while, regardless of the worship of God, I looked around me, and was anxious to attract notice to myself. My dress, like that of too many gay, vain, and silly servant girls, was much above my station, and very different from that which becomes an humble sinner, who has a modest sense of propriety and decency. The state of my mind was visible enough from the foolish finery of my apparel.

“ At length the clergyman gave out his text: ‘ *Be ye clothed with humility.*’ He drew a comparison between the clothing of the body with

* The reader is referred to the Introduction, where this error is corrected.

that of the soul. At a very early part of his discourse I began to feel ashamed of my passion for fine dressing and apparel; but when he came to describe the garment of salvation with which a Christian is clothed, I felt a powerful discovery of the nakedness of my soul. I saw that I had neither the humility mentioned in the text, nor any one part of the true Christian character. I looked at my gay dress, and blushed for shame on account of my pride. I looked at the minister, and he seemed to be as a messenger sent from heaven to open my eyes. I looked at the congregation, and wondered whether any one else felt as I did. I looked at my heart, and it appeared full of iniquity. I trembled as he spoke, and yet I felt a great drawing of heart to the words he uttered.

“He opened the riches of divine grace in God’s method of saving the sinner. I was astonished at what I had been doing all the days of my life. He described the meek, lowly, and humble example of Christ; I felt proud, lofty, vain, and self-consequential. He represented Christ as ‘wisdom;’ I felt my ignorance. He held him forth as ‘righteousness;’ I was convinced of my own guilt. He proved him to be ‘sanctification;’ I saw my corruption. He proclaimed him as ‘redemption;’ I felt my slavery to sin, and my cap-

tivity to Satan. He concluded with an animated address to sinners, in which he exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, to cast off the love of outward ornaments, to put on Jesus Christ, and be clothed with true humility.

“From that hour I never lost sight of the value of my soul and the danger of a sinful state. I inwardly blessed God for the sermon, although my mind was in a state of great confusion.

“The preacher had brought forward the ruling passion of my heart, which was pride in outward dress; and by the grace of God it was made instrumental to the awakening of my soul. Happy, sir, would it be, if many a poor girl, like myself, were turned from the love of outward adorning and putting on of fine apparel, to seek that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

“The greater part of the congregation, unused to such faithful and scriptural sermons, disliked and complained of the severity of the preacher; while a few, as I afterward found, like myself, were deeply affected, and earnestly wished to hear him again. But he preached there no more.

“From that time I was led, through a course of private prayer, reading, and meditation, to see my lost estate as a sinner, and the great mercy of

God through Jesus Christ in raising sinful dust and ashes to a share in the glorious happiness of heaven. And, O sir! what a Saviour I have found! He is more than I could ask or desire. In his fulness I have found all that my poverty could need; in his bosom I have found a resting-place from all sin and sorrow; in his word I have found strength against doubt and unbelief.

“Were you not soon convinced,” I said, “that your salvation must be an act of entire grace on the part of God, wholly independent of your own previous works or deservings?”

“Dear sir, what were my works before I heard that sermon, but evil, carnal, selfish, and ungodly? The thoughts of my heart, from my youth upward, were only evil, and that continually. And my deservings, what were they, but the deservings of a fallen, depraved, careless soul, that regarded neither law nor gospel? Yes, sir, I immediately saw that if ever I were saved, it must be by the free mercy of God, and that the whole praise and honour of the work would be his from first to last.”

“What change did you perceive in yourself with respect to the world?”

“It appeared all vanity and vexation of spirit. I found it necessary to my peace of mind to come out from among them and be separate. I gave myself to prayer; and many a happy hour of secret

delight I enjoyed in communion with God. Often I mourned over my sins, and sometimes had a great conflict through unbelief, fear, temptation to return back again to my old ways, and a variety of difficulties which lay in my way. But He who loved me with an everlasting love, drew me by his loving-kindness, showed me the way of peace, gradually strengthened me in my resolutions of leading a new life, and taught me, that while without him I could do nothing, I yet might do all things through his strength."

"Did you not find many difficulties in your situation, owing to your change of principle and practice?"

"Yes, sir, every day of my life. I was laughed at by some, scolded at by others, scorned by enemies, and pitied by friends. I was called hypocrite, saint, false deceiver, and many more names which were meant to render me hateful in the sight of the world. But I esteemed the reproach of the cross an honour. I forgave and prayed for my persecutors, and remembered how very lately I had acted the same part toward others myself. I thought also that Christ endured the contradiction of sinners; and, as the disciple is not above his Master, I was glad to be in any way conformed to his sufferings."

"Did you not then feel for your family at home?"

“Yes, that I did indeed, sir; they were never out of my thoughts. I prayed continually for them, and had a longing desire to do them good. In particular I felt for my father and mother, as they were getting into years, and were very ignorant and dark in matters of religion.”

“Ay,” interrupted her mother, sobbing, “ignorant and dark, sinful and miserable we were, till this dear Betsey—this dear Betsey—this dear child, sir, brought Christ Jesus home to her poor father and mother’s house.”

“No, dearest mother, say rather, Christ Jesus brought your poor daughter home, to tell you what he had done for her soul, and, I hope, to do the same for yours.”

At this moment the dairyman came in with two pails of milk hanging from the yoke on his shoulders. He had stood behind the half-opened door for a few minutes, and heard the last sentences spoken by his wife and daughter.

“Blessing and mercy upon her!” said he, “it is very true; she left a good place of service on purpose to live with us, that she might help us both in soul and body. Sir, don’t she look very ill? I think, sir, we shan’t have her here long.”

“Leave that to the Lord,” said Elizabeth. “All our times are in his hand, and happy it is that they are. I am willing to go; are not you

willing, my father, to part with me into *His* hands, who gave me to you at first?"

"Ask me any question in the world but that," said the weeping father.

"I know," said she, "you wish me to be happy."

"I do, I do," answered he: "let the Lord do with you and us as best pleases him."

I then asked her on what her present consolations chiefly depended, in the prospect of approaching death.

"Entirely, sir, on my view of Christ. When I look at myself, many sins, infirmities, and imperfections cloud the image of Christ which I want to see in my own heart. But when I look at the Saviour himself, he is altogether lovely; there is not one spot in his countenance, nor one cloud over all his perfections.

"I think of his coming in the flesh, and it reconciled me to the sufferings of the body; for he had them as well as I. I think of his temptations, and believe that he is able to succour me when I am tempted. Then I think of his cross, and learn to bear my own. I reflect on his death, and long to die unto sin, so that it may no longer have dominion over me. I sometimes think on his resurrection, and trust that he has given me a part in it, for I feel that my affections are set upon things above. Chiefly I take comfort in

thinking of him as at the right hand of the Father, pleading my cause, and rendering acceptable even my feeble prayers, both for myself, and, as I hope, for my dear friends.

“These are the views which, through mercy, I have of my Saviour’s goodness; and they have made me wish and strive in my poor way to serve him, to give myself up to him, and to labour to do my duty in that state of life into which it has pleased him to call me.

“A thousand times I should have fallen and fainted, if he had not upheld me. I feel that I am nothing without him. He is all in all.

“Just so far as I can cast my care upon him, I find strength to do his will. May he give me grace to trust him till the last moment! I do not fear death, because I believe that he has taken away its sting. And O! what happiness beyond!—Tell me, sir, whether you think I am right. I hope I am under no delusion. I dare not look for my hope in any thing short of the entire fulness of Christ. When I ask my own heart a question, I am afraid to trust it, for it is treacherous, and has often deceived me. But when I ask Christ, he answers me with promises that strengthen and refresh me, and leave me no room to doubt his power and will to save. I am in his hands, and would remain there; and I do believe that he will

never leave nor forsake me, but will perfect the thing that concerns me. He loved me and gave himself for me, and I believe that his gifts and callings are without repentance. In this hope I live; in this hope I wish to die."

I looked around me, as she was speaking, and thought, "Surely this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Every thing appeared neat, cleanly, and interesting. The afternoon had been rather overcast with dark clouds; but just now the setting sun shone brightly and somewhat suddenly into the room. It was reflected from three or four rows of bright pewter plates and white earthenware, arranged on shelves against the wall; it also gave brilliancy to a few prints of sacred subjects that hung there also, and served for monitors of the birth, baptism, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ.

A large map of Jerusalem, and a hieroglyphic of the "old and new man," completed the decorations on that side of the room. Clean as was the whitewashed wall, it was not cleaner than the rest of the place and its furniture. Seldom had the sun enlightened a house where order and general neatness (those sure attendants of pious poverty) were more conspicuous.

This gleam of setting sunshine was emblematical of the bright and serene elose of this young Chris-

tian's departing season. One ray happened to be reflected from a little looking-glass upon her face. Amidst her pallid and decaying features there appeared a calm resignation, triumphant confidence, unaffected humility, and tender anxiety, which fully declared the feelings of her heart.

Some further affectionate conversation, and a short prayer, closed this interview.

As I rode home by departing daylight, a solemn tranquillity reigned throughout the scene. The gentle lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep just penned in their folds, the humming of the insects of the night, the distant murmurs of the sea, the last notes of the birds of day, and the first warblings of the nightingale, broke upon the ear, and served rather to increase than lessen the peaceful serenity of the evening and its corresponding effects on my mind. It invited and cherished just such meditations as my visit had already inspired. Natural scenery, when viewed in a Christian mirror, frequently affords very beautiful illustrations of divine truths. We are highly favoured when we can enjoy them, and at the same time draw near to God in them.

PART VII.

It is a pleasing consideration, that amidst the spiritual darkness which unhappily prevails in many parts of the land, God nevertheless has a people. It not unfrequently happens that single individuals are to be found, who, though very disadvantageously situated with regard to the ordinary means of grace, have received truly saving impressions, and, through a blessing on secret meditation, reading, and prayer, are led to the closest communion with God, and become eminently devoted Christians. It is the no small error of too many professors of the present day, to overlook or undervalue the instances of this kind which exist. The religious profession and opinions of some have too much of mere *machinery* in their composition. If every wheel, pivot, chain, spring, cog, or pinion, be not exactly in its place, or move not precisely according to a favourite and prescribed system, the whole is rejected as unworthy of regard. But happily the Lord knoweth them that are his;” nor is the impression of his own seal wanting to characterize some, who, in comparative seclusion from the religious world, “name the name of Christ, and depart from iniquity.”

There are some real Christians so peculiarly circumstanced in this respect, as to illustrate the poet's beautiful comparison,

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Yet this was not altogether the case with the dairyman's daughter. Her religion had indeed ripened in seclusion from the world, and she was intimately known but to few; but she lived usefully, departed most happily, and left a shining track behind her. While I attempt a faint delineation of it, may I catch its influence, and become, through inexpressible mercy, a follower of “them who through faith and patience inherit the promises!”

From the time wherein I visited her, as described in a former part, I considered her end as fast approaching. One day I received a hasty summons to inform me that she was dying. It was brought by a soldier, whose countenance bespoke seriousness, good sense, and piety.

“I am sent, sir, by the father and mother of Elizabeth Wallbridge, at her own particular request, to say, how much they all wish to see you. She is going *home*, sir, very fast indeed.”

“Have you known her long?” I replied.

“About a month, sir: I love to visit the sick; and hearing of her case from a person who lives close by our camp, I went to see her. I bless God that ever I did go. Her conversation has been very profitable to me.”

“I rejoice,” said I, “to see in you, as I trust, a *brother soldier*. Though we differ in our outward regimentals, I hope we serve under the same spiritual Captain. I will go with you.”

My horse was soon ready. My military companion walked by my side, and gratified me with very sensible and pious conversation. He related some remarkable testimonies of the excellent disposition of the dairyman's daughter, as they appeared from recent intercourse which he had had with her.

“She is a bright diamond, sir,” said the soldier, “and will soon shine brighter than any diamond upon earth.”

We passed through lanes and fields, over hills and valleys, by open and retired paths, sometimes crossing over, and sometimes following the windings of a little brook, which gently murmured by the roadside. Conversation beguiled the distance and shortened the apparent time of our journey, till we were nearly arrived at the dairyman's cottage.

As we approached it, we became silent. Thoughts

of death, eternity, and salvation, inspired by the sight of a house where a dying believer lay, filled my own mind, and I doubt not that of my companion also.

No living object yet appeared except the dairyman's dog, keeping a kind of mute watch at the door; for he did not, as formerly, bark at my approach. He seemed to partake so far of the feelings appropriate to the circumstances of the family, as not to wish to give a hasty or painful alarm. He came forward to the little wicket-gate, and then looked back at the house-door, as if conscious there was sorrow within. It was as if he wanted to say, "Tread softly over the threshold, as you enter the house of mourning; for my master's heart is full of grief."

The soldier took my horse, and tied it up in a shed. A solemn serenity appeared to surround the whole place: it was only interrupted by the breezes passing through the large elm-trees, which stood near the house, and which my imagination indulged itself in thinking were plaintive sighs of sorrow. I gently opened the door; no one appeared, and all was still silent. The soldier followed; we came to the foot of the stairs.

"They are come," said a voice, which I knew to be the father's: "they are come."

He appeared at the top; I gave him my hand

and said nothing. On entering the room above, I saw the aged mother and her son supporting the much-loved daughter and sister: the son's wife sat weeping in a window-seat, with a child on her lap; two or three persons attended in the room to discharge any office which friendship or necessity might require.

I sat down by the bed-side. The mother could not weep, but now and then sighed deeply as she alternately looked at Elizabeth and me. The big tear rolled down the brother's cheek, and testified an affectionate regard. The good old man stood at the foot of the bed, leaning upon a post, and unable to take his eyes off the child from whom he was so soon to part.

Elizabeth's eyes were closed, and as yet she perceived me not. But over the face, though pale, sunk, and hollow, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, had cast a triumphant calm.

The soldier, after a short pause, silently reached out his Bible toward me, pointing with his finger at 1 Cor. xv. 55, 56, 58. I then broke silence by reading the passage, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

At the sound of these words, her eyes opened,

and something like a ray of divine light beamed on her countenance, as she said, "Victory, victory!" through our Lord Jesus Christ."

She relapsed again, taking no further notice of any one present.

"God be praised for the triumph of faith!" said I.

"Amen!" replied the soldier.

The dairyman's uplifted eye showed that the amen was in his heart, though his tongue failed to utter it.

A short struggling for breath took place in the dying young woman, which was soon over; and then I said to her,

"My dear friend, do you not feel that you are supported?"

"The Lord deals very gently with me," she replied.

"Are not his promises now very precious to you?"

"They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

"Are you in much bodily pain?"

"So little that I almost forget it."

"How good the Lord is!"

"And how unworthy am I!"

"You are going to see him as he is."

"I think—I hope—I believe that I am." She again fell into a short slumber.

Looking at her mother, I said, "What a mercy to have a child so near heaven as yours is!"

"And what a mercy," she replied, in broken accents, "if her poor old mother might but follow her there! But, sir, it is so hard to part!"

"I hope through grace by faith you will soon meet to part no more: it will be but a little while."

"Sir," said the dairyman, "that thought supports me, and the Lord's goodness makes me feel more reconciled than I was."

"Father—mother,"—said the reviving daughter, "he is good to me—trust him, praise him evermore."

"Sir," added she, in a faint voice, "I want to thank you for your kindness to me—I want to ask a favour;—you buried my sister—will you do the same for me?"

"All shall be as you wish, if God permit," I replied.

"Thank you, sir, thank you;—I have another favour to ask—when I am gone, remember my father and mother. They are old, but I hope the good work is begun in their souls—My prayers are heard—Pray come and see them—I cannot speak much, but I want to speak for their sakes—Sir, remember them."

The aged parents now sighed and sobbed aloud,

uttering broken sentences, and gained some relief by such an expression of their feelings.

At length I said to Elizabeth, "Do you experience any doubts or temptations on the subject of your eternal safety?"

"No, sir: the Lord deals very gently with me, and gives me peace."

"What are your views of the dark valley of death, now that you are passing through it?"

"It is *not* dark."

"Why so?"

"My Lord is *there*, and he is my light and my salvation."

"Have you any fears of more bodily suffering?"

"The Lord deals so gently with me; I can trust him."

Something of a convulsion came on. When it was past, she said again and again,

"The Lord deals very gently with me. Lord, I am thine, save me—Blessed Jesus—precious Saviour—His blood cleanseth from all sin—Who shall separate?—His name is Wonderful—Thanks be to God—He giveth us the victory—I, even I, am saved—O grace, mercy, and wonder—Lord, receive my spirit! Dear sir—dear father, mother, friends, I am going—but all is well, well, well—"

She relapsed again—we knelt down to prayer—the Lord was in the midst of us, and blessed us.

She did not again revive while I remained, nor ever speak any more words which could be understood. She slumbered for about ten hours, and at last sweetly fell asleep in the arms of that Lord who had dealt so gently with her.

I left the house an hour after she had ceased to speak. I pressed her hand as I was taking leave, and said, "Christ is the resurrection and the life." She gently returned the pressure, but could neither open her eyes nor utter a reply.

I never had witnessed a scene so impressive as this before. It completely filled my imagination as I returned home.

"Farewell," thought I, "dear friend, till the morning of an eternal day shall renew our personal intercourse. Thou wast a brand plucked from the burning, that thou mightest become a star shining in the firmament of glory. I have seen thy light and thy good works, and will therefore glorify our Father which is in heaven. I have seen in thy example, what it is to be a sinner freely saved by grace. I have learned from thee, as in a living mirror, *who* it is that begins, continues, and ends the work of faith and love. Jesus is all in all: he will and shall be glorified. He won the crown, and alone deserves to wear it. May no one attempt to rob him of his glory! He saves, and saves to the uttermost. Farewell, dear sister in the Lord.

Thy flesh and thy heart may fail; but God is the strength of thy heart, and shall be thy portion for ever."

PART VIII.

WHO can conceive or estimate the nature of that change which the soul of a believer must experience at the moment when, quitting its tabernacle of clay, it suddenly enters into the presence of God? If, even while "we see through a glass darkly," the views of divine love and wisdom are so delightful to the eye of faith; what must be the glorious vision of God, when seen face to face? If it be so valued a privilege here on earth to enjoy the communion of saints, and to take sweet counsel together with our fellow-travellers toward the heavenly kingdom; what shall we see and know when we finally "come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant?"

If, during the sighs and tears of a mortal pil-

grimage, the consolations of the Spirit are so precious, and the hope of full immortality is so animating to the soul; what heart can conceive, or what tongue utter its superior joys, when arrived at that state where sighing and sorrow flee away, and the tears shall be wiped from every eye?

Such ideas were powerfully associated together in my imagination, as I travelled onward to the house, where, in solemn preparation for the grave, lay the remains of the dairyman's daughter.

She had breathed her last shortly after the visit related in my former account. Permission was obtained, as before in the case of her sister, that I should perform the funeral service. Many pleasing yet melancholy thoughts were connected with the fulfilment of this task. I retraced the numerous and important conversations which I had held with her. But these could now no longer be maintained on earth. I reflected on the interesting and improving nature of *Christian* friendships, whether formed in palaces or in cottages; and felt thankful that I had so long enjoyed that privilege with the subject of this memorial. I then indulged a selfish sigh for a moment, on thinking that I could no longer hear the great truths of Christianity uttered by one who had drunk so deep of the waters of the river of life. But the rising murmur was checked by the animating thought:

“She is gone to eternal rest—could I wish her back again in this vale of tears?”

At that moment the first sound of a tolling bell struck my ear. It proceeded from a village church in the valley directly beneath the ridge of a high hill, over which I had taken my way. It was Elizabeth's funeral knell.

The sound was solemn; and in ascending to the elevated spot over which I rode, it acquired a peculiar tone and character. Tolling at slow and regulated intervals, (as was customary for a considerable time previous to the hour of burial,) the bell, as it were, proclaimed the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord, and also the necessity of the living pondering these things, and laying them to heart. It seemed to say, “Hear my warning voice, thou son of man. There is but a step between thee and death. Arise, prepare thine house, for thou shalt die, and not live.”

The scenery was in unison with that tranquil frame of mind which is most suitable for holy meditation. A rich and fruitful valley lay immediately beneath: it was adorned with corn-fields and pastures, through which a small river wound in a variety of directions, and many herds grazed upon its banks. A fine range of opposite hills, covered with grazing flocks, terminated with a bold sweep into the ocean, whose blue waves appeared

at a distance beyond. Several villages, hamlets, and churches, were scattered in the valley. The noble mansions of the rich, and the lowly cottages of the poor, added their respective features to the landscape. The air was mild, and the declining sun occasioned a beautiful interchange of light and shade upon the sides of the hills. In the midst of this scene, the chief sound that arrested attention was the bell tolling for the funeral of the dairyman's daughter.

Do any of my readers inquire why I describe so minutely the circumstances of prospect scenery which may be connected with the incidents I relate? My reply is, that the God of redemption is the God of creation likewise; and that we are taught in every part of the word of God to unite the admiration of the beauties and wonders of nature to every other motive for devotion. When David considered the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars, which he has ordained, he was thereby led to the deepest humiliation of heart before his Maker. And when he viewed the sheep and the oxen, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, he was constrained to cry out, "O Lord, our Lord; how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

I am the poor man's friend, and wish more especially that every poor labouring man should

know how to connect the goodness of God in creation and providence with the unsearchable riches of his grace in the salvation of a sinner. And where can he learn this lesson more instructively than in looking around the fields where his labour is appointed, and there tracing the handy-work of God in all that he beholds? Such meditations have often afforded me both profit and pleasure, and I wish my readers to share them with me.

The dairyman's cottage was rather more than a mile distant from the church. A lane, quite overshadowed with trees and high hedges, led from the foot of the hill to his dwelling. It was impossible at that time to overlook the suitable gloom of such an approach to the house of mourning.

I found, on my entrance, that several Christian friends, from different parts of the neighbourhood, had assembled together, to pay their last tribute of esteem and regard to the memory of the dairyman's daughter. Several of them had first become acquainted with her during the latter stage of her illness; some few had maintained an affectionate intercourse with her for a longer period. But all seemed anxious to manifest their respect for one who was endeared to them by such striking testimonies of true Christianity.

I was requested to go into the chamber where

the relatives and a few other friends were gone to take a last look at the remains of Elizabeth.

It is not easy to describe the sensation which the mind experiences on the first sight of a dead countenance, which, when living, was loved and esteemed for the sake of that soul which used to give it animation. A deep and awful view of the separation that has taken place between the soul and body of the deceased, since we last beheld them, occupies the feelings; our friend seems to be both near, and yet far off. The most interesting and valuable part has fled away; what remains is but the earthly perishing habitation, no longer occupied by its tenant. Yet the features present the accustomed association of friendly intercourse. For one moment, we could think them asleep. The next reminds us that the blood circulates no more; the eye has lost its power of seeing, the ear of hearing, the heart of throbbing, and the limbs of moving. Quickly, a thought of glory breaks in upon the mind, and we imagine the dear departed soul to be arrived at its long-wished-for rest. It is surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, and sings the song of Moses and the Lamb on Mount Zion. Amid the solemn stillness of the chamber of death, imagination hears heavenly hymns chanted by the spirits of just men made perfect. In another moment the livid lips

and sunken eye of the clay-cold corpse recall our thoughts to earth, and to ourselves again. And while we think of mortality, sin, death, and the grave, we feel the prayer rise in our bosom, "O let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

If there be a moment when Christ and salvation, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, appear more than ever to be momentous subjects of meditation, it is that which brings us to the side of a coffin containing the body of a departed believer.

Elizabeth's features were altered, but much of her likeness remained. Her father and mother sat at the head, her brother at the foot of the coffin. The father silently and alternately looked upon his dear child, and then lifted up his eyes to heaven. A struggle for resignation to the will of God was manifest in his countenance; while the tears rolling down his aged cheeks, at the same time declared his grief and affection. The poor mother cried and sobbed aloud, and appeared to be much overcome by the shock of separation from a daughter so justly dear to her. The weakness and infirmity of old age added a character to her sorrow, which called for much tenderness and compassion.

A remarkably decent-looking woman, who had

the management of the few simple though solemn ceremonies which the case required, advanced toward me, saying,

“Sir, this is rather a sight of joy than of sorrow. Our dear friend Elizabeth finds it to be so, I have no doubt. She is beyond *all* sorrow: do you not think she is, sir?”

“After what I have known, and seen, and heard,” I replied, “I feel the fullest assurance, that, while her body remains here, her soul is with her Saviour in paradise. She loved him *here*, and *there* she enjoys the pleasures which are at his right hand for evermore.”

“Mercy, mercy upon a poor old creature almost broken down with age and grief!—What shall I do?—Betsey’s gone. My daughter’s dead.—O my child! I shall never see thee more.—God be merciful to me, a sinner!” sobbed out the poor mother.

“That last prayer, my dear good woman,” said I, “will bring you and your child together again. It is a cry that has brought thousands to glory. It brought your daughter there, and I hope it will bring you thither likewise. God will in no wise cast out any that come to him.”

“My dear,” said the dairyman, breaking the long silence he had maintained, “let us trust God with our child; and let us trust him with our own-

selves. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' We are old, and can have but a little further to travel in our journey, and then ——" He could say no more.

The soldier mentioned before, reached a Bible into my hand, and said, "Perhaps, sir, you would not object to reading a chapter before we go to the church?"

I did so; it was the fourteenth of the book of Job. A sweet tranquillity prevailed while I read it. Each minute that was spent in this funeral chamber seemed to be valuable. I made a few observations on the chapter, and connected them with the case of our departed sister.

"I am but a poor soldier," said our military friend, "and have nothing of this world's goods beyond my daily subsistence; but I would not exchange my hope of salvation in the next world for all that this world could bestow without it. What is wealth without grace? Blessed be God! as I march about from one quarters to another, I still find the Lord wherever I go; and thanks be to his holy name, he is here to-day in the midst of this company of the living and the dead. I feel that it is good to be here."

Some other persons present began to take a part in our conversation, in the course of which

the life and experience of the dairyman's daughter were brought forward in a very interesting manner. Each friend had something to relate in testimony of her gracious disposition. A young woman, under twenty, who had hitherto been a light and trifling character, appeared to be remarkably impressed by the conversation of that day; and I have since had ground to believe that divine grace then began to influence her in the choice of that better part which shall not be taken from her.

What a contrast does such a scene as this exhibit, when compared with the dull, formal, unedifying, and often indecent manner, in which funeral parties assemble in the house of death.

As we conversed, the parents revived. Our subject of discourse was delightful to their hearts. Their child seemed almost to be alive again, while we talked of her. Tearful smiles often brightened their countenances, as they heard the voice of friendship uttering their daughter's praises; or rather the praises of Him who had made her a vessel of mercy, and an instrument of spiritual good to her family.

The time for departing to the church was now at hand.

I went to take my last look at the deceased.

There was much written on her countenance. She had evidently died with a smile. It still re-

mained, and spoke the tranquillity of her departed soul. According to the custom of the country, she was decorated with leaves and flowers in the coffin: she seemed as a bride gone forth to meet the bridegroom. These indeed were fading flowers, but they reminded me of that paradise whose flowers are immortal, and where her never-dying soul is at rest.

I remembered the last words which I had heard her speak, and was instantly struck with the happy thought, that "death was indeed swallowed up in victory."

As I slowly retired, I said inwardly, "Peace, my honoured sister, be to *thy* memory and to *my* soul, till we meet in a better world."

In a little time the procession formed: it was rendered the more interesting by the consideration of so many that followed the coffin being persons of a devoted and spiritual character. The distance was rather more than a mile. I resolved to continue with and go before them, as they moved slowly onward.

Immediately after the body came the venerable father and mother,* bending with age, and weep-

* The mother died not long after her daughter, and I have good reason to believe, that God was merciful to her, and took her to himself. The good old dairyman died in 1816, at the age of eighty-four. His end was eminently Christian.

ing through much affection of heart. Their appearance was calculated to excite every emotion of pity, love, and esteem. The other relatives followed them in order, and the several attendant friends took their places behind.

After we had advanced about a hundred yards, my meditation was unexpectedly and most agreeably interrupted by the friends who attended beginning to sing a funeral psalm. Nothing could be more sweet or solemn. The well-known effect of the open air in softening and blending the sounds of music was here peculiarly felt. The road through which we passed was beautiful and romantic. It lay at the foot of a hill, which occasionally re-echoed the voices of the singers, and seemed to give faint replies to the notes of the mourners. The funeral knell was distinctly heard from the church-tower, and greatly increased the effect which this simple and becoming service produced.

We went by several cottages: a respectful attention was universally observed as we passed: and the countenances of many proclaimed their regard for the departed young woman. The singing was regularly continued, with occasional intervals of about five minutes, during our whole progress.

I cannot describe the state of my own mind as peculiarly connected with this solemn singing. I

was reminded of elder times and ancient piety. I wished the practice more frequent. It seems well calculated to excite and cherish devotion and religious affections.

Music, when judiciously brought into the service of religion, is one of the most delightful, and not least efficacious means of grace. I pretend not too minutely to conjecture as to the actual nature of those pleasures which, after the resurrection, the re-united body and soul will enjoy in heaven; but I can hardly persuade myself that melody and harmony will be wanting, when even the sense of hearing shall itself be glorified.

We at length arrived at the church. Looking upward as I drew near the porch, I observed a dial on the wall. The sun's declining rays directed the shadow to the evening hour. As I passed underneath this simple but solemn monitor, I was reminded of the lapse of time, the uncertainty of life, and sure approach of eternity.

I thought with David, "We are strangers before thee and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." "Lord, so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The service was heard with deep and affectionate attention. When we came to the grave, the hymn

which Elizabeth had selected was sung. All was devout, simple, animating. We committed our dear sister's body to the earth, in full hope of a joyful resurrection from the dead.

Thus was the veil of separation drawn for a season. She is departed, and no more seen. But she *will* be seen on the right hand of her Redeemer at the last day; and will again appear to his glory, a miracle of grace and monument of mercy.

My reader, rich or poor, shall you and I appear there likewise? Are we "clothed with humility," and arrayed in the wedding-garment of a Redeemer's righteousness? Are we turned from idols to serve the living God? Are we sensible of our own emptiness, and therefore flying to a Saviour's fulness to obtain grace and strength? Do we indeed live in Christ, and on him, and by him, and with him? Is he our all in all? Are we "lost and found?" "dead and alive again?"

My *poor* reader, the dairyman's daughter was a *poor* girl, and the child of a *poor* man. Herein thou resemblest her: but dost thou resemble her as *she* resembled Christ? Art thou made rich by faith? Hast thou a crown laid up for thee? Is thine heart set upon heavenly riches? If not, read this story once more, and then pray earnestly for like precious faith.

But if, through grace, thou dost love and serve

the Redeemer that saved the dairyman's daughter, grace, peace, and mercy be with thee ! The lines are fallen unto thee in pleasant places : thou hast a goodly heritage. Press forward in duty, and wait upon the Lord, possessing thy soul in holy patience. Thou hast just been with me to the grave of a departed believer. Now "go thy way till the end be ; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

A TRIBUTE of affection has recently been paid to the memory of the dairyman's daughter, by raising a subscription and putting up a gravestone, on which the following verses are inscribed:—

"Stranger ! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
 Upon this hallow'd turf thy footsteps tread,
 Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
 And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
 Lowly her lot on earth,—but He, who bore
 Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
 Gave her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
 The choicest treasures of his boundless love,—
 (Faith, that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom ;
 Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb ;)
 Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy ;
 And love, that fill'd the soul with heavenly joy.
 Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
 But tasted heaven e'en while she linger'd here.
 O, happy saint,—may we like thee be blest ;
 In life be faithful, and in death find rest !"

THE END.

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